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No. 19.—Vol. II. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 13, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Marquess of Stafford

Eldest Son of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. It is rumoured that the Duke of Sutherland will succeed Lord Minto as Governor-General of Canada

No. 19.—Vol. II.

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

April 13, 1904

It seems to be the fashion, in this enlightened land, to indulge in a surfeit of a colour of some sort. A few months ago all of us had a bad dose of the Blues. This phase is, fortunately, passing, though Stock Exchange members and income tax payers still carry long faces that would do credit to a Puritan. The income tax payers, too, before long, will carry still longer ones, if rumours of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's intentions are anything but a vulgar canard.

But just now it is not my intention to depress my readers with reminders of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his Budget, though it is a fit subject for discussion in connection with the Blues. It is rather with the Yellows I wish to deal to-day. I use the word in the plural advisedly. There is a glut of Yellowism in the market. For instance, we have the Yellow Peril, which is believed to be a perfect bogie in the mind of the Kaiser; we have the Yellow Labour Question in South Africa, the very mention of which is like a red rag to a bull to either Mr. Lyttelton or any self-respecting Liberal; and, finally, we have the Yellow Press, which is enjoying itself to the utmost just now, what with the Russo-Japanese war, our pleasant little expedition to Tibet, and various other outlets for the spilling of human gore, as in Nigeria, Somaliland, and other outposts of the Empire, which a thoughtful Government has provided.

The Yellow Labour Question seems to afford everyone concerned a keen sense of enjoyment. Its advocates have forced on us the conviction that the Chinaman in South Africa is destined to become the saviour of that erstwhile unhappy land. His virtues have been so lauded that (reluctantly) we begin to believe he must be a very fine fellow indeed. On the other hand, the opponents of the Ordinance, who, no doubt, are inspired by a malignant hatred of everything which conduces to the prosperity of the Transvaal, are simply wallowing in the iniquities of John Chinaman. His admission will transform the land of misery, we learn on the one hand, into a paradise; on the other, the enemies of the Ordinance are screaming the word Slavery from the very tree-tops, or from a platform alongside the Reformer's Oak in Hyde Park, which is the nearest equivalent. I read meanwhile with curiosity the attempts of those who impressed upon us, during the war in South Africa, that it was undertaken for the object of providing a field for British labour in the Transvaal, at trying to reconcile that oft-repeated and solemn declaration with the present state of things. To anyone not a politician it appears that they were wrong, and, if wrong, to such an extent that they should forfeit every vestige of confidence in their political lives.

Meantime, the German Emperor, as he cruises in the Mediterranean, is no doubt revolving in his mind how the European nations can best settle their various outstanding differences, and unite in order to present a bold front to the Yellow Peril which is threatening, or going to threaten, the world at large. He fears, we are given to understand, that the possibility of a victory of the Japanese will lead to disasters too terrible for contemplation. It will awaken slumbering China to an appreciation of her vast sinews of war. As far as I can make out, this will result in an invasion of the rest of the world by the yellow man, who will surge across the Himalayan ranges, ravish Siberia and Persia, and fling an immense mass of human beings into Russia, Germany, and Europe generally. The invasion by the Goths and Huns will be a mere incident compared to it. Therefore, in the opinion of Wilhelm II., there is only one thing to be done. The yellow races must be kept under, as every action they win is a nail in the coffin of the white man. The argument seems rather familiar—does it not strike the same note as the famous telegram during the Transvaal War, about a vote given to——But enough!

Well, I am very sorry for His Majesty of Germany if he is really afflicted in this manner. The only consolation that may be offered him is that the Chinese are essentially a peaceful people. They look on war as the pursuit of barbarians, and only ask to be unmolested. Of course, they are not over and above anxious to be pressed, even by the Heaven-sent German Kaiser, for the lease in perpetuity of parts of their territory. I should be sorry, indeed, to hear that my worst enemy had Yellowism so badly as to believe all this rigmarole about a Yellow Peril. It must be a very distressing complaint, worse even than sea-sickness, for if anyone can bring himself to believe the possibility of a Yellow Peril, there is no knowing to what heights his Quixotic imagination may not carry him. And in these severely practical days, imagination is a fearful scourge to everyone except a writer of fiction.

The Bystander in Parliament

The way of the member of Parliament, as of other transgressors, is hard, and there are some unfeeling men who would make it harder. Here is a suggestion recently made public:

> Let the Press publish a list of M.P.'s who have never seen a colony south of the equator; and let this black list bring home to the minds of electors the danger to the Empire. They may then insist that their legislators shall qualify for Imperial Parliament by travelling first and legislating afterwards.

This is a hard saying, for, if carried out, the "black list" suggested would be headed by the name of no less a man than the Prime Minister. And "with him," as they say in the law reports, would be most of his colleagues in the Cabinet, and many of his chief opponents.

If a visit to the south of the equator be a necessary preliminary to a seat in the House, how far must one go before obtaining office? It seems to me that a man would have to go round the world half a dozen times before he was qualified for the Premiership. Perhaps Messrs. Cooks will arrange personally conducted tours on reasonable terms for parliamentary candidates. In this way the globe-trotter would supersede the carpet-bagger. This might be an improvement in some respects, but I doubt if it would lessen the number of bores, nor would the introduction of travellers' tales into debate tend to increase accuracy of statement.

I wonder how members would like a rule which forbade them to speak or vote on any question affecting a place they had not visited? Probably not a dozen men in the House have explored Somaliland, and if the Speaker were to say "Hands up those hon. gentlemen who have been to Lhasa and interviewed the Grand Lama of Tibet," I imagine that not one hand could truthfully be raised. That would rule the whole question out of order—and the House would adjourn in order to visit that mysterious region.

There was a terrible amount of confusion when we annexed Wei-hai-wei. Members did not know where the place was, or how to spell the name. Mr. Labouchere, who is a broad-minded man, pronounced the name in three different ways in one speech, and Mr. Balfour, true to his weakness for the open mind, pronounced it differently on different days. There were terrible misunderstandings, leading to the very verge of regrettable incidents, in connection with Wei-hai-wei.

Yet the annexation of the place served some useful purposes. I know a member who at the time went home very late indeed, much later than his parliamentary labours justified. Indeed, the dawn of the day following that annexation had arrived when he reached home. "Where *have* you been?" was the question put by his anxious wife. "Not a word, my dear," he replied with senatorial solemnity, "we've got Wei-hai-wei!" The good lady screamed, and implored him not to go near the children, for she had a vague notion that he was alluding to something of the nature of German measles.

Now do the advocates of this new rule mean to say that no man should be allowed to vote about Wei-hai-wei until he had visited that choice retreat? If so, it may be that the scene which I have gazed on in ecstatic vision, and foretold in glorious verse, may yet be realised:

ON THE FRONT

AT WEI-HAI-WEI

I.

Sitting and sprawling on the sandy shore,
Lulled by the ocean's lazy roar,
Back bench bounder and Front Bench bore
All in a cheerful row.
Tories, Radicals, and also "Limps,"
Larking about like schoolboy imps,
Swallowing winkles and eating shrimps,
And keeping up the *status quo*.

II.

Gaily bestriding the fiery moke,
Cheered by the commonplace, middle-class folk,
Shrieking on switchbacks, just for a joke,
Jesse and Austen and Joe;
While elegant Arthur turns down his eyes,
The scholarly Gerald expresses surprise,
And Joseph, with rollicking gusto, replies,
"What ho! for the *status quo*."

It is obvious that the theory that a man must visit a place before he speaks or votes about it in Parliament, may lead to curious developments. When the Home Office vote comes on, the Prison system is duly considered. Are we to understand that only those honourable gentleman who have been to prison (and there are some in the House) may be allowed to deliberate? There might be some difficulty in getting a quorum; but if the standing order were to permit all hon. members who ought to have been in prison to join their less fortunate colleagues who have been found out, the necessary number would be easily obtained.

If we are to have a black list of members who know nothing of colonies south of the equator, common justice demands that there should be black lists of members without knowledge of other subjects. A careful and rigid system of inquiry would no doubt lead to the discovery that there are many gentlemen on both sides of the House who know nothing at all about anything. Would I have such gentlemen excluded? Certainly not! I would like to form them into a great party in the State, and lead them. There was once a school of thought known as the Anythingarian, and I have no doubt that if all the choicer spirits in the House of Commons were surprised into candour they would own that they belong to the Nothingarians—those who know nothing, and who care less.

S. L. H.

The Topictator

CHORUS OF NURSE MAIDS.
"OH PLEASE, MR ARNOLD FOSTER, MAY TOMMY WEAR HIS CURLS OR GO BACK TO HIS OLD CAP"

AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A CORPORAL OF MILITARY POLICE AND A PRIVATE OF THE 2ND BUFFS OVER THE LATTER'S CURLS HAS STARTED THE OLD CAP TROUBLE AGAIN.

MRS BRIDGET CONNELL'S WAKE

"LIE DOWN, YE ONDACINT OULD WUMMAN — YE'RE A COR-R-RPSE."
"COR-RPSE YESILF! WHERE'S ME INSURINCE MONEY?"

ON MR WINSTON CHURCHILL RISING TO SPEAK MR BALFOUR WALKED OUT OF THE HOUSE FOLLOWED BY A LARGE NUMBER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

MAROONED

"OUR MEN ARE SO FAT WE CAN ONLY GET FIVE INTO A SEAT MADE TO HOLD SEVEN" (THE MASTER OF MALLING WORKHOUSE)

"GO IT!"
("BOYS ALWAYS HAVE FOUGHT AND I HOPE WILL CONTINUE TO FIGHT" SAID THE MAGISTRATE AT THE WEST LONDON POLICE COURT)

"With the Long Bow"

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN MR. BELLOC AND MR. DOUGLAS

I see that Mr. James Douglas and Mr. Hilaire Belloc are talking to each other on the subject of "How to Study English Literature." Mr. James Douglas wrote an article on this subject in *T. P.'s Weekly*; whereupon Mr. Hilaire Belloc opened his artillery upon him from behind the rampart of *London Opinion*. Having the pleasure of the acquaintance of both these distinguished men, I am quite certain that they are both very wrong somewhere. The subject, indeed, is one upon which scarcely two people think alike.

I have sometimes heard nice old men with wild eyes, in the neighbourhood of the Marble Arch, arguing that the Christian religion would not do; and one of the arguments to which they were most attached was this: that, after eighteen hundred years, Christians still disagreed about what Christianity was. It does not seem to occur to them that this is also true of almost all the important, and permanent, human things. It seems odd that the very things that people are always quarrelling about should be the very things which they always keep going. But so it is. One example is government. There have been nine hundred and ninety-nine explanations given by political thinkers of why we have such a thing as the State and such things as laws, and such strange things as policemen. But people always had the laws whatever was the origin or justification of them. One sage said the State was right because it was natural; another sage said it was right because it was supernatural; another said it was right because it was akin to man, another because it was opposed to him; one said it was right because it was black, another because it was white; but no one said it was wrong. All the schools have rent each other about why there is a policeman at the corner of this street; upon the policeman they are mysteriously agreed. The one point at which all the war-like nations have been at one is the one point on which all the peaceful philosophers have been at sixes and sevens.

It is so, as I say, with all permanent things. It is so with the nature of religion; it is so with the nature of government; it is so beyond all question with the nature of literature. There is no reasonable probability whatever, that two men so diverse in temperament, in philosophy, and in type of experience, as Mr. Belloc and Mr. Douglas will ever agree (except perhaps in Heaven) upon what is the real nature of the good books which should be read. And yet I am equally sure that nothing would ever induce Mr. Douglas and Mr. Belloc to desist from reading good books, nor, I may add, from writing them.

In this controversy roughly, as far as I can make it out, Mr. Douglas represents the wild capricious individual test for literature, and Mr. Belloc, that frigid being, defends the cold and classical tradition. Of course I retract the word "cold," for whatever else classicism need be it need not be that; if there be a whiteness of snow there is also a whiteness of white-hot iron. And Mr. Belloc would certainly urge that eccentricity tended not only to be shapeless, but also ultimately to be lifeless. For this there is a great deal to be said. Fire is of the centre; cold is of the extremities; as everyone very well knows who has ever been out on a winter day without any gloves. It may be that there is a sort of artistic and literary equator which is the *via media*, the centre line of the earth, and which yet is the hottest place of all; it may be that to depart from that literary and artistic equator is only to move in either direction towards some fantastic land of frost. We must remember with a sad caution the misfortune of the poet, whose name I do not know, who talked of the burning and the frozen poles under the impression that the south pole was very warm. And there is really something to be said for this parallel in matters of the emotions and the taste. I do not think that a man could really have a thoroughly eccentric passion as strongly as a healthy man has a healthy passion. Instead of falling in love with a woman, a man might possibly fall in love with a steam-roller, but I do not think that his ardour would be so persistent or so prompt; I think it would be floating, intermittent, and varying in purpose from hour to hour. In the same way I am so far a classicist that I have never believed that the æsthetic oddities of the present time really stood for such strong sentiments as the more restrained type even of quite restrained literature. I do not believe that Mr. Aubrey Beardsley admired a woman with green hair so much as Mr. Darcy admired Elizabeth Bennett. I think many kinds of extravagance are merely the signs, not of the activity of the imagination, but of the decay of it; a craving for fiercer stimulants to maintain a dying pleasure. It is remarkable that the human intelligence likes monstrosities in its crude infancy, and in its more unpleasant old age. A great many of the strange, beautiful women whom the modern symbolists paint bear a very interesting resemblance to the idols of the South Sea Islands. And when the modern novelist describes their characters as being unique, bizarre, apart from their kind, not like others, unable to find an affinity or a mate, I admit that I am generally led to think irreverently of the two-headed Nightingale, or the skeleton Dude at a country fair.

Up to this point, then, I am all for the classic. I agree with Mr. Belloc when he says:

> Said Aristotle, or some such person, "If you would be a carpenter do carpenter's work," and that practice has been guided and made possible by two elements which I am afraid Mr. Douglas dislikes or does not recognise, but which I, for my

part, not only adore, but regard as absolutely necessary to taste —I mean tradition and form.

But I think there is something to be said as modifying this, though not modifying it altogether in the same direction as that of Mr. Douglas. I think the discovery of the artistic centre is a somewhat more subtle affair than even classicism has always recognised, and I think that, like the effort to hit some infinitesimal bull's-eye, it is an effort which seems sometimes almost as wild as shooting arrows at random about the sky. I mean that the secret of the aim may be so unapparent that ——but I fancy that my space for this week is rather abruptly coming to an end. And I have not even begun to say yet what is to be said for Mr. Douglas. Let him bear up. Let him be assured that his avenger liveth and will appear towards the middle of next week. My only melancholy feeling in the matter is that he will probably have written several articles before this appears, and that he is a person very decidedly capable of looking after himself.

A ROYAL HOST AND HIS ROYAL GUEST

King Edward and King Christian of Denmark in Russian Uniform

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

A Fair Playwright

Lady Troubridge, the sister of Lady Dudley, the Vice-Reine of Ireland, may well count herself one of the most important of that increasing group of women writers who devote their attention to playwriting. Often these ladies only see their productions acted on the provincial stage, but Lady Troubridge lately produced her play, *Mrs. Oakleigh*, at a great London Theatre, and it duly received the honour of notices written by our leading critics. Lady Troubridge, *née* Miss Laura Gurney, married a cousin, since her father-in-law, gallant Sir Thomas Troubridge, of Inkermann fame, married a Miss Gurney.

Lady Troubridge was adopted in childhood by Lady Henry Somerset, who in every way encouraged her literary gifts. Not long after her marriage she wrote a novel, and she soon became a constant contributor to the magazines; but she was always devoted to playwriting, and often her stories took the form of dialogues. She is said to be now engaged on a serious comedy, which she hopes will be produced this season or next autumn.

The Duke of Manchester

The Duke of Manchester will probably entertain the King during his coming visit to Ireland at his new possession, Kylemore, one of the most beautiful places in the country. This young nobleman's life has been one of considerable vicissitude; at one time he plied his pen for a livelihood in the arduous paths of New York journalism, and at another he followed the profession of an actor. His marriage to Miss Helena Zimmermann, of Cincinnati, was one of the surprises of the morning papers; it happened very quietly, no one having the least idea what was taking place. The bride wore her travelling dress, and went to church accompanied by her two aunts, with whom she was staying in London. Afterwards the young couple crossed the Atlantic to ask pardon of Mr. Zimmermann, who, unlike the traditional father of romance, received them with open arms. The mother of the young Duke is Consuelo Dowager Duchess of Manchester, also an American, and one of the Queen's most intimate personal friends.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Lady Troubridge

Whose husband, Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart., is one of the best shots in England

Our Youngest Peeress

The little Baroness Beaumont, now in her tenth year is the youngest peeress in her own right. Her father, the tenth peer, died when she was a baby less than a year old, but for some little time the title remained in abeyance when

the late Queen determined it in the favour of the present little lady, who lives with her mother, a daughter of the late Sir Charles Henry Tempest, Bart,, at Carlton Towers, in Yorkshire. The surname of the Beaumonts has, through the female branch, become Stapleton, but the family is one of the most ancient in the country, the first member of the family being descended directly from Louis VIII. of France, and being granted the title, by Edward I., of King of the Isle of Man. The Beaumonts have always been staunch Catholics, and in point of antiquity the family is the *doyen* of English Catholics.

M. Santos Dumont

M. Santos Dumont, who has just been created a Knight of the Legion of Honour, as an acknowledgement of his generosity in placing his balloons at the service of the French Government, is not a Frenchman, as most people believe, but, like Charlie's Aunt of immortal memory, hails from "Brazil, where the nuts come from." He is the youngest of the ten sons of the millionaire planter, known as the 'Coffee King," and at a very early age developed the passion which was to rule his life by experimenting with locomotives on his father's plantation. It was not, however, until he became an automobilist that the idea of a balloon worked by a petrol motor suggested itself to him. To him, to think was to act, and he lost no time in putting the daring experiment into execution, with what results all the world knows.

One point little known about him is his love of knitting, which has always been a fancy of his, and it is said that, whenever he wants to think anything out deeply, he does so much more easily if he has his knitting needles in his hands.

Photo by] **The Duke of Manchester** *[Russell*

Who will entertain the King during the forthcoming Royal visit to Ireland

The Little Baroness Beaumont and her Sister

M. Santos-Dumont

The Comte de la Vaulx

Another famous aeronaut, the Comte de la Vaulx, is still struggling for the dominion of the air, and his airship, the "Eilati," is in the Riviera waiting for favourable winds to waft it across the Mediterranean into Africa. Daring as this attempt seems, we firmly believe the Comte de la Vaulx was born under a lucky star, and if anyone can achieve the impossible it is he. Tall, blue-eyed, and handsome, he scarcely looks the determined character he is: a man who has gone through innumerable difficulties and dangers, who has faced death constantly, and who has, perhaps, done more to prove the possibilities of ballooning than anyone else living. One of his most noteworthy achievements was a balloon journey from Paris into Russia, a distance of 1,153 miles performed in the short time of 35¾ hours. During part of the excursion the air became so rarefied and the cold so intense, that he and his companion found it necessary to inhale oxygen copiously, varying this agreeable occupation by periodical drinks of brandy and water. Another of his atmospheric journeys was one over the English Channel in company with Count d'Outremont and Captain Voyer, the party coming to land at a farm not far from the Wash.

Photo by *Dupont*

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt

Photo by *Esmé Collings*

Baroness Christine de Linden

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt

Madame Lillian Blauvelt, the American soprano, will shortly be crossing the Atlantic to fulfil her spring engagements in England. Madame Blauvelt made her *début* here only a few years ago, but with such success that she was at once engaged for a series of the Symphony Concerts at Queen's Hall, and now stands in the front rank of concert and oratorio *artistes*, her voice being full, flexible, and brilliant, to which she adds a charming personality and wide artistic training. She was born in Brooklyn, and, when only seven years of age, appeared in public as a violinist, and ten years later had earned a wide reputation as a musician and player of remarkable talent. Then her voice was discovered, and she at once came to Paris to work under Professor Jacques Bouhy, and, after making her *début* and having a successful season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, she returned to America, and was soon in the front rank there, and, returning to the Old Country in 1897, as quickly gained a similar position here. Madame Blauvelt has also earned laurels in Rome, her singing of Verdi's *Requiem* creating quite a furore there, and she was personally thanked and congratulated by Queen Margherita, who sent her a handsomely framed photograph of herself, accompanied by an appreciative letter, and has since decorated her with the Order of St. Cecilia.

The Baroness Christine de Linden

Baron de Linden, one of the chamberlains to the Emperor of Austria, is an agreeable and distinctive

personality, and he by no means loses in popularity when he appears at social functions, accompanied by his daughter. Baroness Christine, so far from being spoilt by the fact of being an only child, or by the possession of a brunette piquancy of her own and a brain which has mastered even the classics, is unaffected, simple, and sincere. She is a ready speaker, with a choice of English, Italian, French, and German wherewith to vent her opinions, and these latter have been formed, not as is usual among so many women, by the fiction of to-day, but by the masterpieces which have been to her a study and a delight during her girlhood. It adds no little to the charm of beauty when beauty caps your argument with Cervantes or De Quincey, by Emerson or the Sage of Chelsea, and this, in an innocent unconscious way, guiltless of pedantry. Baron and Baroness de Linden have spent the past winter, as is their wont, at Brighton, where they had a house in Queen's Gardens, and gave one or two successful dances. Last season they took Lady Isabella Keane's charming house in Cromwell Place, and it is not improbable that the many friends who partook of their hospitality may find them reinstated there this forthcoming summer. The late Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who was quick to recognise ability as well as beauty, was one whose death left Mademoiselle De Linden and her parents the poorer of a friend.

"Our Youngest Colonial Reader"

Master Claude Philip Solomon on the lawn at Constant Spring Hotel, Jamaica, West Indies

Lord Newlands

The old Lanarkshire family of Hozier was raised to the honours of the peerage in 1898, when Sir William Wallace Hozier became Lord Newlands eight years after being made a baronet. His seat is at Mauldslie Castle, in Lanarkshire, of which he is vice-Lieutenant, a J.P., D.L., and also Convener of the Commissioners of Supply of the county. He has been a lieutenant in the Scots Greys, and has held high rank in the Auxiliary forces. He is fond of rifle-shooting, and also of getting about in yachts and driving himself four-in-hand. The Coaching Club and the Four-in-Hand Club are among the institutions he supports; the Carlton and the Army and Navy are others.

Photo by *Reid*

Lord Newlands at his Country Seat, Mauldslie Castle, Carluke, N.B.

The Almack Club

A new social club is to be opened this month, which, under the title of the Almack Club, promises to be an unqualified success. It is the intention of the committee, which includes the Duchess of Newcastle, Lord and Lady Linlithgow, and Lord and Lady Huntingdon, to keep the membership as select as possible, only people of assured position being eligible. The Club at 20, Berkeley Street, contains a reading room, music room, smoking room, and, of course, facilities for the inevitable Bridge. One of its most interesting features is the grill supper, which is to be served after the theatre, when people will be able to refresh themselves comfortably, and not be obliged to take what they can get in a chilly restaurant.

Flower Fete in Dublin

La Floralie is the charming and appropriate name Lady Ardilaun has chosen for her flower *fête*, which takes place to-morrow (April 14) and Friday, in aid of the Horticultural Society. Lady Ardilaun is always busy; she has an innate sense of the beautiful, and will be quite in her element presiding at the Leinster stall, with its lovely burden of blossoms sent from St. Anne's, Clontarf, and romantic Ashford, her Galway home. Ashford is particularly interesting on account of the fact that it is from one of its many islands that Lord Ardilaun derives his title, the one in question being a pretty little sylvan nook close to the landing stage at Cong. The estate is celebrated for its woodcock coverts and herds of deer, as well as for the excellence of the fishing, and may be regarded as a sportsman's paradise. The house itself is built of white granite and the grey limestone for which the district is noted, and stands, with its beautiful gardens, like an oasis in a wild desert of bog and heather. It is rumoured that Lord and Lady Ardilaun will do a great deal of entertaining during the Royal visit to Ireland.

Photo by *Bassano*

The late Mr. Herbert C. Fyfe

The Late Herbert C. Fyfe

While the sun, after months of shyness, was at length proclaiming to the world that spring was with us, that the season of hope and joyfulness had again come to cheer us after the dull, sad, winter months, our hearts—those of us who are engaged in producing this journal week by week—were saddened by the news that one of our comrades had passed away.

Herbert Fyfe will be known to our readers by the articles we published from his pen "The Making of"—it was his intention to write us a series, embracing all the professions, from the Lord High Chancellorship to the equally useful career of Tommy Atkins, or the arduous path which the modern journalist has to climb. But man proposes and God disposes!

It is hard that he should have been called from us just as he was making a career for himself. In his thirty-first year he had already written the standard work on submarines, and in all matters relating to engineering and machinery he was a recognised expert.

Of a sunny disposition and a tender heart, Herbert Fyfe was beloved by all his comrades. Journalism in spite of its fascinations, is a wearing, tearing life and is apt to bring out the worst side of our characters. Yet in all the time I knew poor Fyfe, and on the many occasions we met, both privately and in a business capacity, he was always bright and kindly. Never have I known him to say a harsh word or a hard thing about anyone, nor to grumble at his fate. Yet the distressing malady from which he suffered must have been the cause of much bodily and mental suffering. He was a keen and assiduous writer, and, indeed, his habit of overworking himself led to the breakdown in health which ended so fatally. Those whom the gods love die young, and we can only stand aside and offer our sincere and respectful condolences to his sorrowing mother and relatives.

THE EDITOR

FROM ABROAD

The City, as seen from Queen Louise's Bridge

The Café National, Opposite the Railway Station

VIEWS OF COPENHAGEN WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN ARE STAYING

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S CRUISE IN BRITISH WATERS

The Emperor William and His Staff on Board the "Hohenzollern"

In our illustration, the Kaiser is shown near the centre of the photograph with his right arm behind his back

Porta Reale, Valetta: Entrance to the Main Street

Valetta, the present capital of Malta, is very strongly fortified, many of the fortifications being hewn out of the solid rock. Together with its suburbs, it has a population of over 60,000

Valetta Harbour, Malta. Showing part of the Mediterranean Fleet at their Moorings

The Village Front at Muskat

In the centre, surmounted by a flagstaff, is the Sultan's palace. To the left of the illustration is the residence of the British Consul

From Photos by *a British officer*

An Old Portuguese Castle and Fort at Muskat

Muskat was taken by the Portuguese in 1508, and under them it developed into a prosperous commercial centre. The fort is now disused and in ruins

MUSKAT, ARABIA, OVER WHICH FRANCE DESIRES A PROTECTORATE

AN "AQUATIC BATTLE OF BLACKS" ON THE ARUWIMI RIVER, CONGO

Proprietors of River Craft do a Rushing Business

A Trial Spin is Viewed with Interest

Photos by

The Start

Topical Ageney

The Forty-Eights in Mid-River

"At the Sign of the Times"

ON HEARING THE CUCKOO AND DENYING CALUMNIES

Thoughts of the Cuckoo

Very soon the Bird-lover—of Tooting—will be writing to the Press to announce that, curiously enough, as he was standing in his garden, about five o'clock, engaged perhaps in painting the rustic bench a bright green for the summer, he distinctly heard the note of the Cuckoo repeated several times. He will want to know if any other resident in Tooting enjoyed the same experience at the same hour, whether the circumstance can be paralleled, and if he is right in supposing that such a portent indicates a warm summer coming and plenty of mosquitoes. Then the great spring controversy will revive. Paterfamilias will support Bird-lover. Naturalist will laugh the notion of the note being a cuckoo's to scorn. He will suggest that it was the muffin-man. Cambridge Graduate will support Naturalist, amending the muffin-man to a stone-saw.

Lead by Natural Degrees

Then Bird-lover will reply in great indignation. He will say that he himself makes no pretence to having had a scientific education. All he prides himself on is his hearing, and a man is entitled to believe his own ears. If, however, Naturalist does not care to credit his—Bird-lover's—statement, perhaps he would like to listen to the independent testimony of Mrs. Jones (Bird-lover's housekeeper), who also heard the note of the cuckoo at the same hour. Or—let Naturalist and Cambridge Graduate—if they consider themselves so superior—name a day on which a trial of their auricular powers—as against Bird-lover's—may be made, fairly and squarely, the umpire to be appointed by the editor of the paper in which the controversy has arisen, five pounds to be paid by the loser to the Sanatorium for Negro Minstrels. There will be some difference of opinion as to the merits of the Negro Minstrels in comparison with other charities that will be named, and in the end the challenge will be dropped, until the year's at the spring once more.

To an Indignant Denial

Investigators into Press secrets—an odious race, which, if journalism were conducted in the professional way in which it should be conducted, would be struck off the rolls without mercy—tell us that this controversy is pigeon holed in the offices of the great newspapers and brought out as soon as there is the remotest likelihood in the opinion of the majority of the staff of the cuckoo having been heard anywhere by anybody. The period during which the cuckoo may be utilised is said to be marked roughly as between January and June. If there is a pressure of news, of course the cuckoo is held over. He will not be heard so early as usual.

Of Certain Calumnies

For my part, I do not care to believe these statements. I do not care to think that if the Tibetans offer a determined resistance to Colonel Younghusband instead of behaving like the philosophers in the third part of Gulliver's Travels, I shall have no news of the cuckoo in my morning paper. I do care to think that in any case Bird-lover, whom I have always pictured as a pleasant, warm-tempered, old gentleman who sometimes says: "After all, the world's a small place" and is always ready to be surprised by coincidences, and that Sceptic, Naturalist, and Cambridge Graduate, with the scholarly sense of humour, are no more than abstractions type-written in an Editor's drawer. I prefer to think of them as real men looking forward to the spring as I do and ready as I am to welcome the harbinger thereof.

Which are Brought Forward

Moreover, if Bird-lover has to be eliminated from the list of real persons, so has Tourist, who sees the sea-serpent off the Cornish coast—later on—in the autumn, and is always most careful and exact in his description of details, though he does not personally believe in the sea-serpent's existence. One does not mind believing the sea-serpent to be an abstraction, but not to be able to believe in Tourist is a catastrophe. For he and Bird-lover and the gentleman who is shocked at the want of respect paid to Englishmen on the Riviera, and that other who meets Brigands in Belgium and wants to know what the Foreign Office is about, and the stoic who finds the best way of enjoying a holiday is by walking to his office, and the matron, to whom not one of nine well-dressed men thinks of resigning a seat in the omnibus, though it is raining heavily at the time, and the maiden who wishes to know if it is her duty to inform her parents that a young man whom she met at a friend's house sent her a bouquet, and the housewife who deems her receipt for taking stains off the legs of sofas for ever new—these and a score of others were, one imagined, as real as they were familiar and endeared to us all.

From Time to Time

I have always regarded them as bulwarks of the English Press. What other nation—I have asked foreigners—can show such a list of confiding readers, can boast so many guileless and incorruptible and unremunerated contributors? Their grammar may not always be above reproach; they do not polish little articles all about nothing, like the

French; they do not spice their information like the American yellow journalist. But what they write they feel, and there is no bribery needed to make them feel. There—I have pointed out—we English show our preference—our just preference—for the amateur as opposed to the merely professional writer and for simplicity as opposed to subtlety and word-mongering. Many of the foreigners to whom I have thus spoken were profoundly impressed, throwing up their hands and in other ways betraying emotion. Very properly too.

Against the British Press

It seems clear then, that to acknowledge the unreality of these simple and homely figures, to believe them to be no persons, but merely manufactured figures made in that untrustworthy factory, an editorial office, is not only to resign a favourite principle but to defer to a calumny. I decline to do it. Sooner than submit I will myself write about the cuckoo. I am not at all so sure that I did not hear him crowing a moment ago.

MINIMUS.

"The Bystander" Collection of Jugs, Mugs, and Crocks

No. 1.—THE CAMPBELL AND BANNERMAN JUGS

A Fine Pair of Undecided Modelling—Never Found Apart

No. 2.—THE HARCOURT VASE

A Piece of Peculiar Ware in High Relief

No. 3.—THE CHANCELLOR JUG

A Remarkable Old Specimen of the Chancellor Jug

The figure is seated on a sack marked "Wool," but whether this is the name of the maker, or merely a jest of the time, is not at present known

No. 4.—THE HARTINGTON TEAPOT

A Grand Piece of Devonshire Pottery

This antique specimen is in the form of a sleeping figure, and may be used as a teapot—hence the name

(This series will be continued)

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

The Late Sir Edwin Arnold

One notes, among the critics who have been writing about the work of the late Sir Edwin Arnold, a fairly general consensus of opinion as to his poetry not being shaped for immortality. "An inspired journalist," so Mr. Arthur Waugh describes him, and this is not unjust. It is doubtful if he will be to a future generation more articulate than the late Philip James Bailey is to the present day. He had that fatal facility which makes ideal journalism but does not produce literature. During a holiday in Japan he wrote some sixty-two columns of letters to the *Telegraph*, composed the greater part of "The Light of the World," supplied to *Scribner's Magazine* a series of articles which were afterwards collected into a volume, learned to speak colloquial Japanese, and to write the Kata Kara character! "I was not so very idle, you will see," he remarked to the late Major Pond, who is responsible for this information. From the same source I learn that "The Light of the World" went to press without Sir Edwin's reading the last proofs, and it was his habit to pass over his leading articles, and, indeed, most that he wrote, to the printers without revision. This may be evidence of exceptional precision, but it might conceivably be regarded as indicating a distaste for "taking pains.

Photo by] **The Late Sir Edwin Arnold** [*Russell*

Poet and Reader

Sir Edwin, like certain other English poets who have never achieved the highest, was twenty years ago far more popular in the United States than in his own country, and the redoubtable Pond succeeded, after some years of coaxing, in inducing him to undertake a tour in the States, where he gave

readings from his poems, and enjoyed what that *impresario* of the lecture platform called "a series of triumphs." This tour of the States, which took place during the last two months of 1891 and the first six weeks of 1892, was the only undertaking of the kind Sir Edwin ever engaged in. Having indicated his journalistic fluency, I must quote some words of his own in which he describes his methods of poetical composition. "I do not at any time force poetry," he said; "I must be thoroughly in the mood. These moods come imperatively, but very irregularly. My method is this: Either I write first, and roughly, on scraps of paper, or my daughter takes it down from my dictation—she is the only one who can do so for me—as I walk up and down the room and smoke. I put the rough notes in my pocket until the next day. Then I read the verse over and over, correct and copy all out myself, altering it very much, and filling it up. These scraps I enter into a sort of day-book or ledger until the work is nearly finished. I treat the matter thus compiled as the rough draft. I go over it myself, polish it, and transcribe it into a second book, which may be called the poem itself, but still in a rough state. Then I copy it out again, and finally, in a fair manuscript for the printer. Every line of the poem, therefore, passes through my mind three or four times."

"The Feast of Belshazzar"

Fifty-two years ago Sir Edwin Arnold obtained the Newdigate Prize at Oxford for his poem on "The Feast of Belshazzar," a fact which reminds me that Lord Goschen was at that time a candidate for the same prize, and I have heard him tell the story of his failure. He said that the subject did not suit him, his powers being "not descriptive, but heroic," as witness these lines from his poem:

> Ho! Bring the cups, the golden goblets bring!
> A godlike chalice for a godlike king!
> Bring forth the cups! 'Twould be a draught divine—
> In Hebrew vessels, Babylonian wine!

"Rhetoric and rhyme did not succeed," said Lord Goschen, recalling his early poetical effort. "On that occasion there entered into the lists against those who thought they possessed the power of verse, a man who was a real poet. When we heard him recite his beautiful poem we felt there was no humiliation in surrendering the prize to one who had real poetic force." This, of course, was Arnold, then a young man of twenty, and his composition possessed what Lord Goschen called "a wonderful power of Asiatic gorgeousness," which has been the peculiar quality of all his poetry.

"John Strange Winter"

I observe that the talented novelist who writes under this odd pseudonym, once burlesqued by *Punch* as "Tom Rum Summers," has just published a new novel, entitled "Cherry's Child," which I am told is a very excellent piece of fiction. There is nothing more surprising to me than the wonderful fertility of Mrs. Stannard, who, more than any of her numberless rivals for popular favour, maintains the high quality of her work. Some eighteen months ago her eightieth book, "Marty," was issued, and since then she has added at least three more to her lengthy list. Yet, when one meets Mrs. Stannard at social gatherings, she betrays no appearance of hard work, no evidence of burning the midnight oil; for she is always bright, and keenly interested in the lighter side of Society life. Hers is a case, I suppose, of the busy worker finding the most leisure.

Is Romance Dead?

Some little time ago I had the privilege of hearing Mr. Maurice Hewlett address a literary gathering on the subject of romance in literature. To the surprise of us all the brilliant author of "The Forest Lovers" essayed to prove, in a speech of glittering paradox, that genuine romance, so far as English literature is concerned, has been dead for well nigh a century. His own works he did not hesitate to exclude, since he debarred those of Stevenson, and even the Waverley Novels, which most of us had imagined contained something like romance. All these, it seems, are merely romantic, and in Mr. Hewlett's opinion there is no place in pure romance for the interpretation of character; whenever that is the purpose of a work of fiction, it is to be regarded as a novel. A romance grows out of the spirit of place and atmosphere; yet, while it is entirely an affair of the imagination, its writer must be profoundly convinced of its reality! If this be so, then, perhaps, Mr. Hewlett's contention were capable of proof, for the chief desideratum in the fiction of our day is character, and the more we can have of it the better. But, with all deference to so eminent an authority, I submit that character is to be found, and preaching also, in some of the old and unquestioned romances. It is, however, rather a profitless practice to attempt definitions so subtle as the distinction between "romance" and "romantic." If Mr. Hewlett will give us many more works like "Richard Yea and Nay," and "Earthwork out of Tuscany," we shall not greatly care whether he calls them romance, romantic, or novel!

About Book Titles

The other week I made some reference to the difficulty of getting a fresh title for a new book. Since my note appeared a novelist has told me of a curious experience of his in this connection. He wrote a book entitled "A Shadowed Life," and a friend of his who asked for it at Mudie's was perplexed on receiving no less than three novels bearing that title, not one of which was the one he wanted. I seem to remember a story of Miss Braddon's appearing in a weekly newspaper with the announcement that it had been written under the title of "Shadowed Lives"; but, as that had already been used, it had been altered to "A Shadowed Life." If my memory serves me well, Miss Braddon must have re-christened her story when it appeared in book form, as I can find no such title in her list of works. By the way, it is forty-two years since Miss Braddon wrote her first novel, "The Trail of the Serpent." She was twenty-three years of age at the time.

J. A. H.

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

Herbert Spencer's "Autobiography." 2 vols. (Williams and Norgate: 28*s.* net.)

"The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie," by Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

"New Land: Four Years in the Arctic Regions," by Otto Sverdrup. Translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Harriet Hearn. 2 vols. (Longmans: 36*s.*)

NEW FICTION

"Tomaso's Fortune; and other Stories." By the late Henry Seton Merriman. (Smith Elder: 6*s.*)

"Incomparable Bellairs," by Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Constable: 6*s.*)

"The Court of Sacharissa," by N. M. Meakin and H. T. Sheringham. (Heinemann: 6s.)

Books to Appear Shortly

The second half of the spring publishing season makes a brave beginning this week with several works which should act as a much-needed stimulant to the book trade. Herbert Spencer's "Autobiography," Sir William Lee-Warner's monumental "Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie," and the late Henry Seton Merriman's last volume of short stories should all be out by the time this note appears in print and the two volumes of "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle" are expected before the end of the week. Altogether, therefore, this seems likely to prove the most interesting literary week of the year.

It is difficult to keep pace with the works of some of the more prolific of our present-day novelists. It was only the other day, for instance, that Messrs. Methuen published Mr. W. Clark Russell's "Abandoned"; another of his sea novels, entitled "Wrong Side Out," is coming from Messrs. Chatto and Windus on the fifth of next month; and now we hear that Mr. Fisher Unwin has yet a third story of his in the press—"The Yarn of Old Harbour Town." Yet, when Mr. Clark Russell took to literature some thirty years ago, after his eight years' experience as a sailor, it did not occur to him that the British public might be interested in books about the Merchant Service; so he wrote about other things. It was the instant success of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," in 1875, that opened his eyes to the mine of romance that lay in his reminiscences of the sea, and from his present state of productiveness it is evident that the mine is far from being exhausted.

Queen Elizabeth is being revived just now, both in history and romance. In a new edition of his well-known "Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," which Mr. Nash is publishing, Major Martin Hume has added a couple of chapters on the delicate question as to what was the real nature of the relations which existed between the Queen and her favourites. Major Hume has a theory of his own on the subject, and brings it forward with great circumspection. In fiction, the Queen is to be tried by a legal authority of no less weight than His Honour Judge Parry, who has written a novel, entitled, "England's Elizabeth," which Messrs. Smith Elder will publish before the month is out. This is by no means His Honour's first venture into the realms of fiction, and he is also known as the only judge who has written a play in his judicial days. His new book deals mainly with Elizabeth's affection for the Earl of Leicester, and her final conquest of herself when she finds that he has held disloyal communication with the Court of Spain.

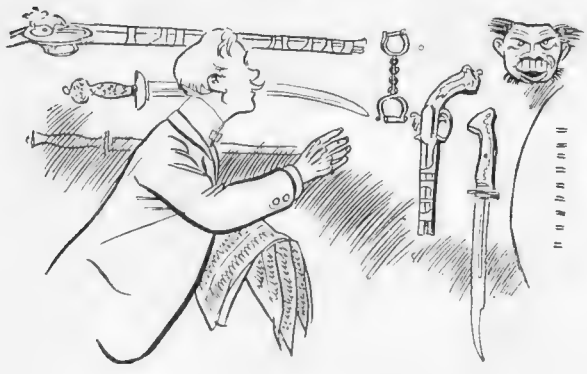
The "Confessions of a Journalist," by Mr. Chris Healy, which Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish towards the end of the month, should make lively reading. Mr. Chris Healy has seen and done many things worth remembering. He was associated with William Morris and Prince Kropotkin in their socialistic schemes, and he knows Bohemian Paris as thoroughly as the ins and outs of Fleet Street. One of his chapter-headings is "How I Made War against Spain," another "How I Inspired Gladstone"; and he gives personal reminiscences of Whistler, Zola, Dreyfus, and many other celebrities.

An out-of-the-way book about the country and country-folk is coming from Messrs. Methuen on the 28th inst. It is written by a lady who calls herself by the charming name of Deborah Primrose, and it is entitled "A Modern Bœotia." Here is a foretaste of the quaint humour of the book, one of the results of a task which the village school was set to write—a short life of John the Baptist:

> St. John the Baby was a prest and is cloes made of kammer skin and he ad a leathern girgle about his weast and is mother Elizebeth and is father name and food was lukes and wild honney from the rocks and a Angle cane to John and said though shalt beer a son and is father would not believe it and he was dome till he beer the son and his tongue was loosed and he spake. And John catched a marackuas draft of fishes and Ponteous Pillipip killed im, and had his hed brought in for supper on a dish.

Mrs. Percy Dearmer, the clever wife of the Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Primrose Hill—himself a well-known literary man—has written a new novel which Messrs. Smith Elder will publish this month. It is entitled "The Orangery: A Comedy of Tears," and deals with English life in London and the country during the last years of the eighteenth century—when high play at Crockford's, gallantry at Ranelagh, and duels in the park were the everyday incidents of fashionable life in town.

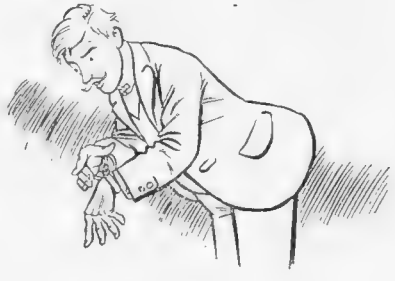
THE NEW PARLOUR GAME: HANDCUFFING AT HOME



"I believe this handcuff trick we read such a lot about is quite simple . . .

. . . Mary, just snap these handcuffs on my wrists and I'll show you how it is possible to get out . . .

All you've got to do . . .



Hullo !

. . . Perhaps I can do it with a fork

Well, if I can't get them off with the file, I've always got the key . .

. . Great Scotland ! I've lent that key to Browne a fortnight ago to wind up his clock with . . .

. . My only hope is to rush to the nearest locksmith . . .

'Hullo ! how did you get loose ? Walk quietly now' . .

. . No ! I don't know how to do the handcuff trick."

CONCERNING THE BISHOP OF LONDON

It was once said, not irreverently, of Cardinal Manning, by an artist who saw him robed in the full panoply of his office, that "he would have made his fortune as a model." One can imagine the same unstudied compliment coming the Bishop of London's way. To say that his face had had anything to do with his rise to great things in the Church would be absurd; but it is possible to believe that those who, at one time and another, have bidden the Right Reverend Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram to "go up higher" may have felt, as they contemplated him in the discharge of his new duties, that they had certainly chosen a man who "looked the part."

When enthusiastic ladies of his own form of religious belief have declared that the Bishop has the face of a mediæval saint, and fiery gentlemen of Nonconformist opinions have referred to him as the picture of a calculating ecclesiastic, they have all meant the same thing. You see in his face both keenness and kindness, both subtlety of mind and simplicity of nature, both dignity and sympathy. It is (pardon an outburst of genuine feeling) a wonderful face. But seeing that you have a faithful presentment of it under your eyes at the moment, perhaps enough has been said about that.

Nonconformists were mentioned just now. It is exceedingly hard in these days—to their honour be it spoken—to get away from them in the pages of the public press; and just at present their connection with the Bishop of London is of a very direct and interesting kind. He is the central point round which revolves a very pretty quarrel. He it was who presented the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of City Temple fame, to His Majesty the King a few weeks ago.

Be it far indeed from THE BYSTANDER to intrude an opinion upon an ecclesiastical controversy involving many sore points—a controversy which has led Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., to speak of "a Bishop's apron-strings," and has drawn the *Spectator* and the *Daily News* into a contest of recrimination. But seeing that the Bishop of London was among the stoutest champions of the famous—or infamous, if your politics prefer it—Education Act, while the Rev. R. J. Campbell is neither more nor less than that flower of our time, a Passive Resister of that very Act, it appeared to some lookers-on that the Bishop's move had some of the character of an ingenious strategical success. Be that as it may, it has created an important division in the councils of Nonconformity.

It too seldom happens in this world that a thoroughly broad-minded and generous act, like this extension of episcopal courtesy to an opponent of the Church, is followed by consequences so fortunate for the magnanimous one.

"He is really free," said an experienced student of men in comment on Dr. Ingram, "from neo-Apostolic side." The utterance betrays a certain distaste for that grade of High Anglicanism of which the Bishop has ever been a thorough-going supporter, short of mere faddism; and it represents the tribute which his excellence as a man and a Churchman has won from every party. "Side" of any kind is what his worst personal enemy—if he has any personal enemies—would never dream of bringing against him. If any sort of ostentation ever does show itself in him, it is an assumption of cordiality and attention toward the bores and the nuisances of this world which, in a man with one of the hardest-worked positions in the world on his hands, is little short of superhuman. He is as noted for this amiable trait as his great and devoted, but rather grim predecessor was for a contrary attitude.

All through his career the Bishop's helpers and friends have delighted to tell of the geniality with which he has always treated the individuals of his flock. The clap on the shoulder and the affectionate title of "old chap" were as much the privilege of the East London labourer as of the friends of his University days. Some of the old school have been even a little shocked at the way in which he avoids episcopal rotundity in his choice of language. "When I took on the Diocese——" he has been heard to say. Yet no one ever found the Bishop undignified.

His sermons are simple and direct; they are powerful because they are interesting. Not long ago he was recommending a certain modern novel in the pulpit, and now we may read in the publisher's advertisement: "The Bishop of London, in a sermon at Westminster Abbey, said, 'I wonder whether any of you have read that remarkable work of fiction——'". The reference was of more value than many enthusiastic reviews.

Few men of his cloth know so well how the poor of London live as their Bishop does. For fifteen years his chosen work has been among them, as head of the Oxford House (to which he has drawn so many of the best spirits of his old University to help in the work), as Rector of Bethnal Green, as Rural Dean of Spitalfields and as the second Bishop of Stepney. "Work in Great Cities" is perhaps the most valuable of the eight or nine books from his pen.

He has been twice Select Preacher at Cambridge, and twice at Oxford. He is an honour to Marlborough and to Keble, as a Bishop's grandson should be. He is a bachelor, and forty-six, with half his life, as we hope, beforehim.

The Rt. Rev. Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London

OUR THIRD FORTNIGHTLY BRIDGE COMPETITION

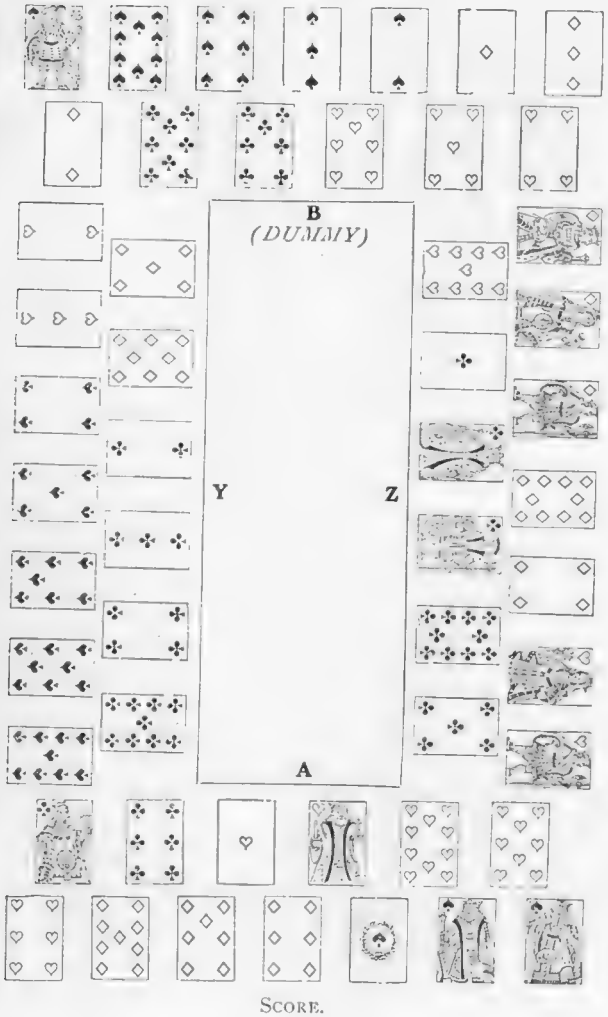
THE BYSTANDER offers its readers three prizes for the best solutions of the play, at Double Dummy, of the hand set out on this page. A similar competition takes place every other week. The prizes are as follow:

1st Prize	**£3**	**3**	**0**
2nd Prize	**£2**	**2**	**0**
3rd Prize	**£1**	**1**	**0**

All solutions to the hand given this week must reach the office of THE BYSTANDER not later than the first post on Saturday, April 22.

HAND OF THIRD *FORTNIGHTLY* COMPETITION.

DOUBLE DUMMY.



SCORE.

Love-all.

A deals and declares hearts.

NOTE TO COMPETITORS.—In order to give as many as possible of our regular competitors a chance of a prize, winners of prizes in these Fortnightly Competitions will not be eligible for another prize for the next five competitions.

PRIZE WINNERS OF OUR FIRST FORTNIGHTLY COMPETITION.

For their Solutions of our First Fortnightly Competition, the First Prize of £3 3*s.* has been awarded to:

JOHN NACHBAR, Esq., 30F, Great Marylebone Street, London.

The Second Prize of £2 2*s.* to:

MISS MARY EVELINE JENKINS, Westville, Linden, Bexhill-on-Sea.

The Third Prize of £1 1*s.* to:

H. P. DARLING, Esq., The East Riding Club, Hull.

The Solutions of the following deserve Honourable Mention:

Joseph Brown, Esq., University Club, Dublin.
G. H. Savage, Esq., Lorne House, Bognor, Sussex.
Major H. H. Rich, R.A., Mountain Ash, Abbey Wood.
H. Harriman, Esq., The Limes, Long Eaton.
J. Jeudwine, Esq., Goldwell Hill, Chesterfield.
W. F. Pim, Esq., Glenham, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the play of the hand, cut out the coupon on page viii. at the end of the paper, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" FORTNIGHTLY BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for doubling, redoubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played AT DOUBLE DUMMY.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that all four hands should be played as perfectly as possible.

8. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♡ A	♡ K	♡ 7	♡ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

9. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions; thus—

A B win 8 tricks. Y Z 5 tricks.

10. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chances of success. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.

"PROBLEMATICUS."

OUR SHORT STORY

WHITE RENT

By OLIVER ONIONS

It had really begun with the church bell, which had annoyed the Squire on Sunday mornings; but the village was wont to date the quarrel from the time—the first and last time—the Squire attended Divine Service. When this was, and the Squire's peculiar reason for it, will appear in a moment; in the meantime it must be understood that the quarrel was no new thing, and that when Parson and Squire met, in lane or meadow, passers-by would linger, to hear who had the best of the bout.

Beyond doubt, the Squire had the better position for such encounters, for the colour of the Parson's coat was a drawback, to begin with. Its sober black bound him to things that the red-coated, foxhunting Squire scoffed openly at; and, though neither Parson nor Squire feared living man, it was generally considered that the Parson's fear of God was a sad handicap.

In appearance, Squire Singleton and Parson Harrison were a good deal alike. Both were big men, with the chests of wrestlers, ruddy, clean-shaven faces, and erect and confident heads; but, while the Squire, when he removed his hunting-cap, showed a head that free living had made bald, the Parson's was covered with close, grey curls. The Squire, too, showed yellowish in the whites of the eyes, while the Parson's grey eyes were clear and piercing; but for the rest, either's coat would have fitted the other passably well.

The tale, then, of the Squire's visit to church was this:

The village lay at the foot of the hill, and the Squire's big house at the top; and the church lay further away still, a little over the crest, so as to serve also for worshippers from the next village. Old men said there had once been a right of way to the church through the Squire's grounds; but the Squire was an inveterate nibbler at common lands, or even at private property, if he thought he could outface the poor owner; and the footpath had long been closed. A fence or a notice-board might have been burnt; being everybody's business, it was also nobody's business; and this particular encroachment of the Squire's, like many others, was seldom remembered. To get to church, therefore, the villagers had to skirt the base of the hill along a very bad road, with dips and hollows here and there, and to climb again on the other side of the Squire's property.

Now, two days before this famous church-going of the Squire's it had snowed heavily, and had filled in the hollows of the road, which even a moderate snow would do with the wind north and a little east; and that morning the Squire must have been more than ordinarily annoyed by the bell. Knowing, as soon as he saw the church-goers coming up the hill, that the road must be deeply drifted, he had allowed them to trespass for a score of yards or so, had suddenly called his huntsman and hounds out, and, grinning wickedly and flourishing a great whip, had turned Parson and congregation back from his land.

"You are aware we can't get the other way, Squire Singleton?" Parson Harrison had asked.

"I am aware you can't get this way," the Squire had replied; "you should have asked my permission, Mr. Harrison."

Parson Harrison, calm and dignified, had bowed to the Squire and turned his back on him; and then from his windows the Squire must have seen the Parson making the detour—alone. He had rubbed his hands.

"He'll do his duty, whatever the others do; nobody coming up the other side of the hill, is there Michael?"

"I canna see anybody," the long-legged huntsman had replied; and the Squire had broken into a great laugh.

"He can't take the horsewhip to them this morning." (For Parson Harrison had been known to clear out the alehouse of a Sunday morning, driving the topers before him to church—an exploit that had endeared him to his enemy). "Come, Michael, he shan't have his trudge for nothing. We'll go to church for once."

The huntsman, a Squire's man thick and thin, had grinned.

"Maun we change we'r clothes?"

"Better go as we are than go late; were you aware, Michael, that churches were—ah—hollow edifices?"

So they had passed through the gate at the back of the house, and the Squire had bidden his huntsman wait in the church porch till he called him. Michael told what followed to the delighted village.

"I were listening, o'course; and by-and-bye out comes th' Parson and verger. 'No service this morning, I think, Hitchins,' says the Parson; and then he sees th' Squire, crop and cap, ready to hark

(All rights reserved)

forrud at anything. . . . Eh? . . . Oh, he were uncovered right enow; th' Squire's a gentleman. . . . 'Excuse me,' says th' Squire politely, 'me and th' verger's a congregation; where two or three are gathered together, you know, Mr. Harrison——' Th' Parson's jaw drops, and then he bethinks him o' summat. 'Th' verger isn't a communicant,' he says, 'he's a official.' 'Isn't a what? What's that?' says th' Squire. 'I'm bound to preach to three, or to two,' says th' Parson, 'but welcome as ye are, ye're only one, Squire Singleton.' 'Michael!' th' Squire roars, 'come and gather together, ye long-legged bletherskite!' So th' Parson saw he were done; but eh! . . . Th' sermon he gave me and th' Squire, Harry! . . . At th' first th' Squire were chuckling——"

For the Squire, though he could make the Parson preach, could not stop him; neither could he choose the sermon. His dinner long since cold at home, he had sat there unflinchingly, for in fairness he must take as well as give; and Parson Harrison, it appeared, had begun with Naboth the Jezreelite. Thence he had passed to the Squire's own history. He had thundered forth his encroachments in the empty church, and had declared that such things as baldness and the gout that plagued the Squire's big toe were God's scourge and sword for drinkers and swearers and foxhunters. He had preached till four in the afternoon, and the village had roared at the tale; and after that, though the Squire and the Parson never failed to give one another good-day, it was with each looking the other straight in the eyes, smiling a little, in a way that meant it was not finished yet.

Nor was it finished; and the fact that the next encounter was forced by the Squire, and generally counted one to him, seemed to be an admission that he had been worsted on the former occasion. It came about the following spring, when the Squire met the Parson one day in a narrow lane, a mile or so out of the village. Both men were mounted, and one of them must draw into the hedge to allow the other to pass. Neither did so.

"Mounted to-day, Mr. Harrison," said the Squire. "Where's your meet?"

"At Widow Harvey's," replied the Parson.

"Widow Harvey's!" the Squire muttered. "I seem to know the name. Where's that?"

"Very near your own door—like the church," the Parson replied.

"Ah, yes; I have not attended lately; a twinge or two of the Scourge, Mr. Harrison.—Widow Harvey? Is she a tenant of mine?"

"Freehold, I'm told."

"H'm!—No, I have not attended church lately. The fact is, when I go to church I like to hear music; not your bass fiddle and flute."

"I fear it is all we can afford."

"That is a pity; something might be done—we must see. Widow Harvey! What do I remember about Widow Harvey? We must see about the music, Mr. Harrison; and, in the meantime—who is to give way, you or I?"

"It would be inconvenient for me to stay here any longer, so I will——"

"Nay, allow me," said the Squire, and both drew in. They passed, with four foot between them, smiling sweetly and dangerously, and Parson Harrison went on his way to the Widow Harvey's.

She was a poor, bent creature, turned seventy, and about her and her neediness there had grown up a sort of fiction in the village. She darned and mended for anybody who would employ her; but, since this alone would hardly have found her in salt, so soon as it became known that she stood in need of anything, a child would be sent by some kind-hearted neighbour to ask when she would send for, maybe the blanket, or the petticoat, she had left at such and such a place. The poor soul had come to believe these messages, for she would mumble to herself, Ay, ay, she'd forgotten—she'd forgotten that blanket; she could just do wi' it. So she was fed and clothed.

The Parson left the Widow Harvey, and then made other visits up and down his parish. Finally, he mounted the hill to his church; and, as half absently he regarded its diminutive belfry, the green field about it, and its fence all chafed by the cattle that had striven to crop the longer grass within the enclosure, he wondered what the Squire had meant by his talk of Widow Harvey and the music.

On this latter point he was enlightened the following Sunday morning.

The tiny church was well filled, and with Parson Harrison at one end, and Verger Hitchins, who acted as clerk, at the other, the responses had been got through. Then the bass fiddle and flute had struck up a wan, quavering tune for the Psalms, and the voices of the congregation dragged heavily after.

They were half way through the Psalms when suddenly a frightful hubbub broke forth outside.

"Up, Bugler, up! Up, Milkmaid! Stir 'em up, hounds—that's music for the Parson! Up, up my lass!"

One old woman, very deaf, continued the Psalm alone, and the verger slipped out. There was the Squire and his lanky huntsman with ten couple of hounds that bayed and leaped and barked. The Squire cracked his whip, his eyes aflame with wine and malice, and Michael's horn twanged and snarled.

"That's music!" the Squire roared, cracking great volleys. "Round, my beauties, round you go!"

Thrice they went round the church; and then the huntsman galloped off down the hill, the whole pack with him, and the Squire lingering behind to crack Amens.

Parson Harrison made no remark on the occurrence, nor did any dare to do so in his presence; but it was not for a moment supposed he was likely to forget it. And very soon after, this bad Squire was at it again. Mother Harvey was asked for her rent.

There was a fine to-do in the alehouse, and Jenkins, the village politician, was in high feather.

"'Tis a freehold, Harry," he cried to old Harry Winter; "and whereas a party, or shall we say two parties, contracts . . ."

"Ay, ay," old Harry Winter replied, "but they call it a freehold when 'tis a perpetual lease; for a' that they ha' to pay a quit-rent."

"I tell thee, Harry, she never paid a penny, inasmuch . . ."

"I ken naught about that; but I mind old Harvey

"You are aware we can't get the other way, Squire Singleton?" Parson Harrison had asked. "I am aware you can't get this way," the Squire had replied

paid what he called his white-rent — because it were paid i' white money—siller. Hasn't she a deed?"

"By the law in such case made and provided, Harry . . ."

"Well, it seems hard on th' old body," Harry said at last; "but if th' Squire's been a bit easy wi' her, I canna see he ought to lose by it. She maun ha' a deed, or summat, and if it comes to th' warst we maun raise it for her. It winna be much."

"Ay, but if 'tis naugh'but sixpence, 'tis acknowledging a right; that's the point. It is enacted, Harry . . ."

He was heard on quit-rent, and partly on copyhold; then a forthcoming ploughing match took the general attention.

The old woman could tell Parson Harrison nothing of her tenure; she only knew that she had lived in the cottage rent-free for ten years, and that now five shillings were demanded of her. She sat in her high cratch by the fireside, and twisted her crabbed old hands and sighed. Had she a deed? Nay, she couldn't tell; she didn't know; there might ha' been one; she didn't remember.

"But your memory's none of the best," the Parson said with a twinkle; "think again."

Nay, if she had a paper it wad be i' th' Family Bible; she couldn't read; if it werna there she couldn't tell where it would be.

The Parson could make nothing of her. He left a shilling for her to find, and said, "And that load of peats I had down for you? They're in my way. When shall I send them round?"

Eh? She'd clean forgotten them peats; and th' winter coming, too; ay, he'd best send 'em on.

When next the Parson met the Squire, there was a slight dispute.

"Squire Singleton——," said the Parson.

"Good day to you, Mr. Harrison; how's all with with the church?"

"I wish to speak to you about the Widow Harvey. You have put a rent on her?"

"I have."

"You've stopped the right of way over Hemingway's yonder, and before that, one to the church. You've put a wall up east of your plantation on the wrong side of the boundary-mark, and one that was blown down you've set up again a yard beyond its place. In other places you've filched where it would not be noticed, and you maintain your stolen rights with whips and dogs and an irreligious huntsman."

"Yes?" said the Squire warily. "The gentry and the Church are two great robbers; don't let us quarrel."

"The widow must not pay this quit-rent."

"The widow must pay her quit-rent—and damme, Mr. Harrison, if she can't produce a deed I'll double it."

"How's the gout?"

"Troublesome. And the music at the church?"

And with a few more words they parted.

A fortnight before Christmas it came on to snow. It snowed for three days, and the roads were blocked and impassable. Not even the Parson on his horse could get to church, and he spent the Sunday morning helping with beasts from the pastures. The old folks shivered before great fires, and Widow Harvey had taken to her bed, covered with extra blankets that she had left in various houses and forgotten.

But extra blankets were not enough to set her old blood stirring again, and the Parson and two neighbours were with her when she died.

"Queer people!" the Parson muttered as he left the house, the smell of the neighbours' peppermint still in his nostrils. "What did Mrs. Umpleby say? 'Good keeping-weather'—ugh! . . . But to tell the truth, I don't know how we're going to get the old body to church."

A sort of trench had been cleared up the village street, with smaller trenches to the doors of the cottages. Dark heads moved here and there, and caps were touched to the Parson, but he passed up the street with his head bowed, and stood on the borders of the Squire's property, looking over the unbroken whiteness of hill and valley.

"All smoothed away," he muttered. "Meadows and fields, ploughed and fallow, all gone; and that other mesh that the law has laid over it all, of rights and privileges, claims and liberties—all gone—not a boundary to be seen. All as when Thou madest it, Lord——"

And suddenly he broke into a tremendous laugh.

He held his great sides and roared. They heard him down the village, and when he stopped, it was because he could laugh no more.

"Ah-h-h!" he said with a great sigh; and then his eyes wandered over the waste of white, as over a sheet of paper all ready to be drawn on.

"Leave the road . . . break the left hand wall . . . that's Winter's property, but it's all winter's property now . . . the Squire's permission to cross his land . . . and then under his very windows! 'Tis a humour after the heart of this people . . . and now to do it."

The next morning the Parson, old Harry Winter, and Morgan, the Blacksmith, waited on the Squire. The Squire was in his library, and he received Parson Harrison politely as ever.

"I have a favour to ask of you, Squire," said the Parson. "I wish to hold a special service between now and Christmas—probably the day after to-morrow—and to get to the church I am afraid I shall have to cross your land with such as accompany me."

"Ah, that's better, Mr. Harrison; now you're reasonable. So long as you don't require my presence, and have consulted me beforehand——"

"Further, I request permission to bring Winter's yellow dog-cart and a light load; it would be impossible to take it by the road, and I don't think we should damage your shrubbery. The only question is of your privacy."

"If you can find my shrubbery this weather you can do more than I can," quoth the unwary Squire. "Very well; bring whatever you require, and I'll see that the—music—is chained up. If we continue to understand one another so well, Mr. Harrison, we may avoid all manner of little frictions."

"I should be gratified," said the Parson gravely, and took his leave.

"You can swear to that, as witnesses, if necessary?" the Parson asked his companions, and Winter and Morgan nodded and chuckled.

Winter's yellow dog-cart would carry the light load —all that remained of the Widow Harvey; and, as in life she had been provided for, so in death the joiner who made the coffin did not send in his bill, nor was the parish charged. Parson Harrison had no thought of the Squire as he knelt by the corpse in the freehold cottage that was to be its own "white rent;" and, before he rose, his heart was well assured that what he was about to do was no irreverence to the dead.

On the next day but one they set forth.

The sun shone brilliantly on the snow: and, black and straggling in the expanse of white, the small procession mounted the hill. At the Squire's great gate the Parson, who drove, descended from his seat, and a gardener, looking curiously at the quiet group, touched his hat. The Squire, seeing them from his library window, as he conferred with his huntsman, laughed, and cried, "Damme, Michael, when you and I went to church, we went more gaily than that. . . . Evergreens for Christmas, I suppose."

They passed out at the back gate, and across the dazzling field to the tiny church; and there, while robins hopped in the snow, and the wind swept keenly across the pale sky, the widow was laid to rest. A single note from the muffled bell broke the news to the Squire.

. . . . . .

"You shall keep those dogs chained up, sir, or I will furnish every man in the village with a pistol at my own expense!" cried the Parson

"And do you suppose, Mr. Flaycrow, that I'll have a right of way under my windows by trickery like this?"

"You are too late. It is done."

"I gave no sanction for this."

Parson Harrison turned to Winter and Morgan.

"Did he not say, of his own free will, that I might bring what load I liked?"

"He did, Mr. Harrison," the men replied.

"Ye lie, Parson."

"I'll remember that lie, Squire; for the present, look after your—music, or I'll shoot every dog in the pack."

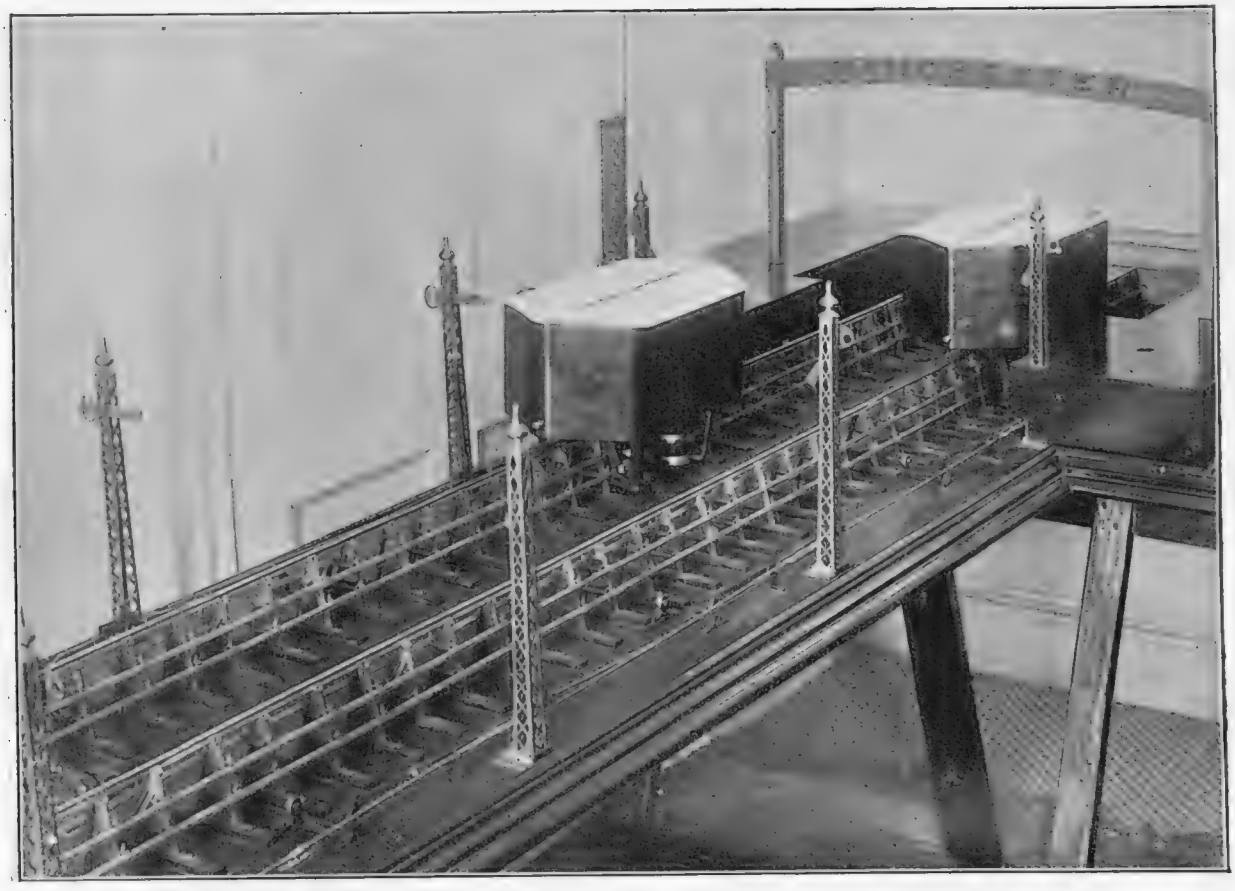
"You shall answer this before the law."

"The law will tell you that where the dead have passed the living shall pass; and, in your ear, I don't think your other encroachments are so well established yet that you can afford to call the law in. 'Tis Widow Harvey's quit-rent, Squire."

The Squire turned on his heel with an oath.

"Mind you, Harrison," he cried over his shoulder, "this is only beginning now."

"At your pleasure, Singleton," Parson Harrison replied.



One Hundred and Ten Miles an Hour!

Our illustration shows a model of the coming Mono-Railway between Manchester and Liverpool. The car runs along the top rail on wheels placed in the middle of the compartment. Other wheels seen in the illustration run along the lower, or guide rails, to prevent derailment. The model will be one of the features of the British Section at the St. Louis Exposition, the money for its construction being voted by the Royal Commission

Photo by *Lafayette*

Miss Enid Spencer Brunton

TWO POPULAR

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Miss Margaret Halstan

ACTRESSES

The Latest Parisian Fad: A "Red Cross Five o'clock"

The Parisians are to be commended upon the latest fad of their womenfolk. Two Associations exist for providing necessaries for the wounded in the Far Eastern conflict, one started by the Carnot family, and the other by the Vicountess d'Hotmande Villiers, at whose *salon* the above photograph was taken. The Viscountess herself is seen at work in the centre of the room

Photo by] **The Statue of the Late Colonel Benson, who was Killed in the South African War** [*Gibson and Son*

The striking piece of statuary, which was carried out by Mr. John Tweedie, was recently unveiled at Hexham, Northumberland, by Lord Methuen, where the late gallant officer's family have been connected for generations by many ties

THE TRAGEDY OF SERVIA

Servian Postage Stamps, showing the unfortunate monarch's head partially obliterated by the National Arms

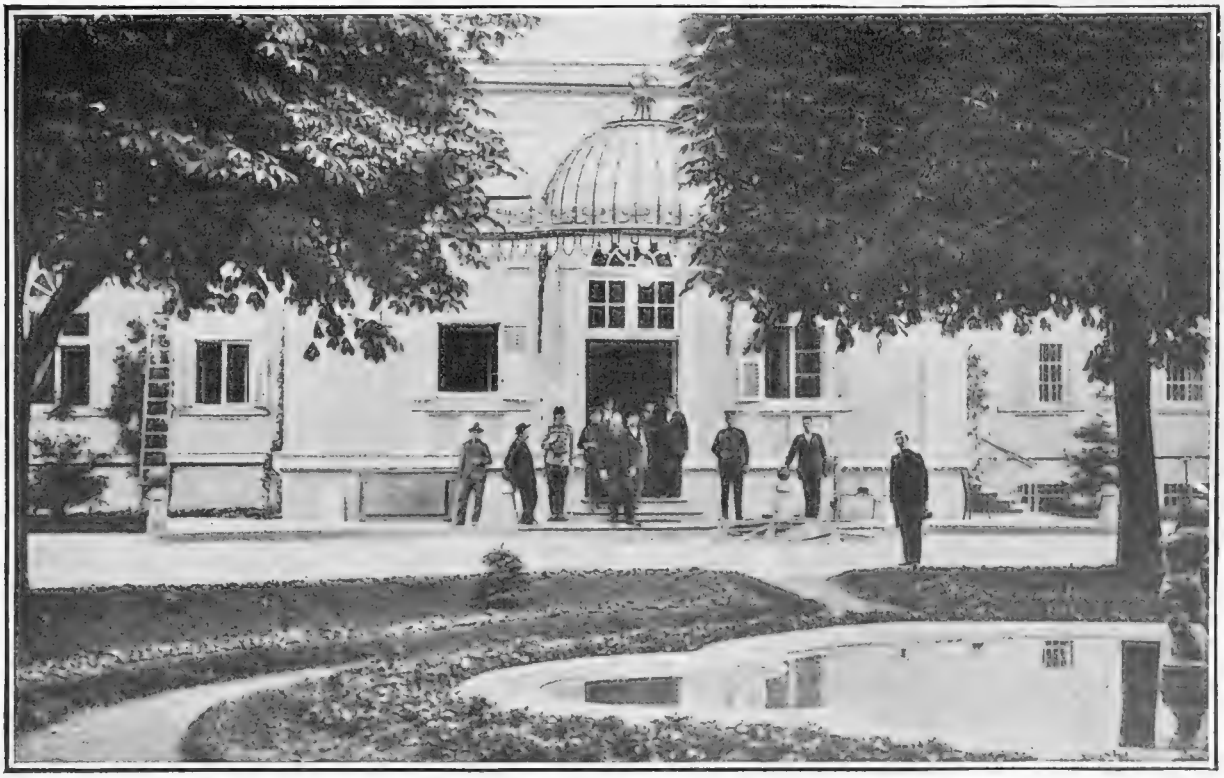
[Written by C. O'Conor-Eccles, from material secured on the spot. As any information of events in Servia is rigidly prohibited from being given to the outside world, the story of how these photographs, etc., were obtained by stratagem, in itself would provide a drama]

On the Servian horizon a black and ominous cloud has gathered, and the low muttering of a coming storm may be heard by the dullest ear. "There will be trouble in the Balkans in the spring," is now to be translated, "There are troubles at all times in the Balkan, or volcanic, peninsula, and the eruption cannot be far distant." To the loyal Servian, and there are thousands such, it is pitiful to hear a whole nation blamed for events that Russia had been steadily working to bring about. The nation is aware whose hand directed the awful tragedy of last June, as it had previously fostered revolutions in Bulgaria and Roumania. Of the true sentiments of the Servian people we need no better proof than the fact that memorial cards representing Alexander and Draga on their wedding day, or the King in general's uniform and his wife in royal robes, are being circulated secretly by the thousand, and this despite the vigilance of the existing government, which prevents, as far as possible, all allusions to the unhappy monarch and his queen, and allows the police to annoy shopkeepers who have for sale any portraits of him or her. As a consequence, Belgrade photographers are unwilling to show even views of places, fearing harm may come of it, perhaps through indiscreet publication in some foreign paper. Most of the souvenirs bear a cross, or other religious emblem, and are surrounded by a deep mourning border. The fears and sorrows of the people are also voiced in a popular ballad, a portion of which is here roughly translated. In it the "sad tormented soul" of King Milan is supposed to address the shade of Alexander:

A Secretly Circulated Memorial Card (enlarged) showing King Alexander and Queen Draga on their Wedding Day

In spite of the drastic measures taken by the present Government to prevent the sale of photographs of the late monarch, these cards are widely distributed and are jealously guarded as souvenirs by sympathisers

Ah son! accuse them not—
thy people true;
Their faith, their fealty
was ne'er forgot.
With bitter tears of anguish
do they rue
Thy tragic fate. Ah,
son! accuse them not.
Thou doomed, unhappy
offspring of my love,
'Twas not the faithful
people plucked thee
down.
Not theirs the hand that for thy sceptre strove,
Or wrested from thy fated head the crown.
On that dread night at first how could they know?
Sudden and terrible the disaster broke.
Later, 'twas clear who worked thine overthrow,
The time had come, and so the word was spoke.



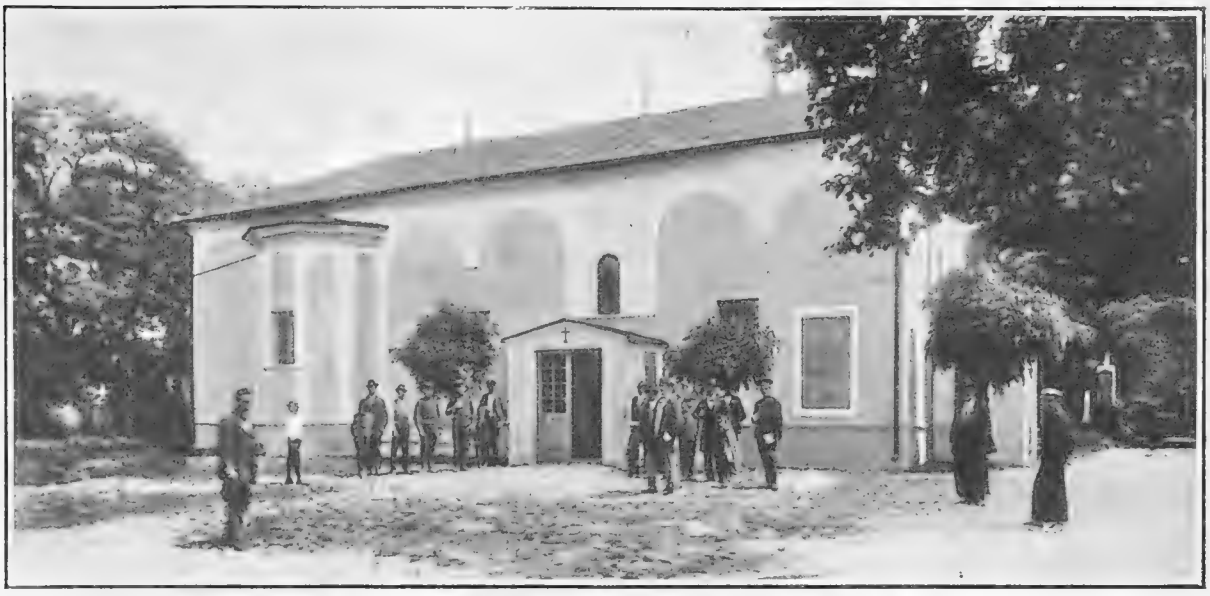
Entrance to the Old Palace, the Favourite Residence of King Alexander and the Scene of his Assassination, June 11, 1903

No, not the nation was it dug thy grave,
Although thy faults and follies vexed them sore,
But what!—they stormed, and then in love forgave,
And took thee to their bosom as before.

Enforced silence by no means secures forgetfulness, and if by the adoption of Russian methods the present Government of Servia thinks to wipe out recollections of the past, it is mistaken. On the contrary, all history shows that the political energy which might conceivably expend itself in words if unrestricted, when suppressed is invariably transmuted into deeds, too often into deeds of horror. To cry "Peace, peace,"

The Royal Palace from the Street. To the Left is the so-called New Palace, Erected under the Supervision of Queen Natalie

The arrow indicates the scene of the crime. The second window from the balcony is that through which the bodies of the dying King and Queen were flung by the conspirators



The Little Church of St. Mark, where the Bodies of King Alexander and Queen Draga were hastily interred after their Assassination

when there is no peace will never avert or postpone the day of reckoning. To efface a man's image and superscription will never efface his memory. We show herewith a curious instance of Government economy and shortsightedness which is very much to the point, a postage stamp to wit, bearing the head of Alexander, but adapted to present-day use through the device of blacking out that head by the impression of the Servian arms. Despite the precaution, a quick eye can readily trace the underlying stamp, and this affords an apt illustration of the condition of people's minds in the stormy tract of country, that, wedged between the mountains and the Danube, has been the playground of so many rival ambitions and the scene of so many tragedies.

No doubt Alexander was not an ideal monarch; he was unwise in many things and obstinate in not a few. Obstinacy is never a fault of the quick-witted. His marriage was ill-judged, and, instead of strengthening his position, weakened it. The rumour that Queen Draga had been King Milan's mistress, whether true or circulated as a wilful calumny by interested parties, shocked the moral sense of all who heard it. The fear that her not too reputable brother might be proclaimed heir to the throne weighed heavily on many

Corner of the Royal Bedroom, with Door Ajar, Behind which the Ill-fated Couple were Hiding

Officers of King Alexander's Guard: Photograph Taken Before the Crime

The second figure on the right is Captain Gronitch, son of General Gronitch, at the time Servian Minister in Constantinop'e, and now Premier; young Gronitch and his brother joined the conspirators unknown to their father

hearts. On the other hand, the King was young, not yet twenty-five, when he fell beneath the assassin's dagger, and from the young all things are yet possible. He might have been, and probably would have been, a diff rent man at thirty. His ancestry, his parentage, his up-bringing, pleaded for a merciful view of his case. Then, with all his faults, he was a true lover, and to true love the world is ever sympathetic. No doubt he loved unwisely, mistakenly, but that is the way of men, who from all time have broken their mother's hearts and neglected the fair and virtuous of women-kind to shed their blood like water for some light dame, and to lay at her feet treasures of devotion worthy of a noble object, though rarely excited by it. "Men *have* died for love, and worms have eaten them," but for love of a Cleopatra, a Marion Delorme, or a Pompadour, not for a Joan of Arc or a Sister Dora.

That the tomb has closed over the unhappy youth and his ill-fated partner has made men's hearts tender to them, willing to judge them leniently, to admit of extenuating circumstances, and of possible hopes less evident, perhaps, a year ago. To the little church of St. Mark, where the bodies of the Royal victims were hastily interred after the crime of June last, many an adherent, open or unavowed, of the House of Obrenovitch to-day makes sorrowful if secret pilgrimage.

Belgrade, as our readers know, stands at the junction of the Sava and the Danube, and except for the quaint and picturesque garb of the lower classes, and the unfamiliar lettering of the sign-boards, presents, in its style of architecture, its gay *cafés*, electric trams, and tree-lined boulevards, many points of resemblance to the Continental towns of Western Europe. The Ronak, or Royal Palace, stands in King Milan Street, one of the principal in the town, the cupola and spire of the so-called New Palace, erected under the supervision of Queen Natalie, being visible from afar. Adjoining, and in connection with it, is the Old Palace, the scene of Servia's tragedy. It is a long, low, comfortable

Loyal Members of the Late King Alexander's Bodyguard

Prince Paul of Arsen (Nephew of King Peter)

Prince Paul is a very bright, lively boy. He is President of the Children's Society for helping the Macedonian refugees. He made a speech recently to an audience among whom the Royal family were seated. Our illustration shows him as he was attired on that evening

building, and very commodious. King Alexander preferred it as a residence, because all the Royal apartments were easily accessible and on the same storey. We show the main entrance in our illustration on page 384, and, on the same page also, give a view of both the Old and New Palaces as seen from the street, the New Palace being the building to the left hand. The scene of the murder is marked. The second window to the left from the balcony is the fatal window from which were barbarously hurled the still breathing bodies of the King and Queen. Our illustration on page 385 shows a corner of their bedroom, with door ajar, behind which the fated couple were hiding. Here the officers rushed in with drawn swords, and by the feeble glimmer of a candle, the electric light having previously been cut off, sought out their victims.

Before we blame too severely the conduct of the Servian Army in this crisis, we must remember that there were over 2,000 officers, amongst whom were only seventy black sheep, the conspirators, who had all arsenals and important posts in their hands, and that the dread of probably inflicting irreparable injury on the country through foreign intervention has hitherto kept brave men silent. An attempt at civil war would lead, they know, to immediate military occupation by Austria, and then good-bye for ever to the dear-bought independence of the country, wrested from the Turk at the cost of so much blood and suffering. We show (page 386) a group of officers who constituted the late King's guard. The second on the right is young Gronitch, son of the present Premier of Servia. None of the others were members of the conspiracy. This photograph was taken before the crime. General Gronitch, who, at the time of the murder was Servian Minister at Constantinople, was ignorant of the conspiracy, and

A Belgrade Beauty

Servian Soldiers Wearing Macedonian Costume

the participation in it of his two sons is said to have been a cruel blow to him. In surveying the Army as it was, it must not be forgotten that amongst the bravest and most loyal figures was that of General Franassovitch, one of the few Roman Catholics who have ever been raised to power in Servia. The General, on hearing of King Alexander's death, at once resigned his position as *Chancelier des Ordres et Décorations*, though overtures to retain his services under the present *régime* were made to him. He had served the Obrenovitch dynasty for forty years, and while aide-de-camp to King Milan, once saved his life by his presence of mind. A woman fired at the King in church, but missed him, and prepared to fire again, when Franassovitch sprang forward and seized her arm, the pistol being pointed at, and almost touching, his own breast. He was the most efficient Minister of War that Servia ever possessed, and has successfully carried out many important diplomatic missions.

Servian Peasant Women and Girls in National Costume

A Street in Belgrade

It is a pity that the services of such a man should now be lost to his country.

Almost all the officers who did not join in the conspiracy against the late King, have, since his death, been deprived of their posts or pensioned off, and King Peter is surrounded by many of those who helped to compass the destruction of his predecessor.

Servian public feeling on the grave questions of the moment is divided, as in all countries. Whether men should bear existing ills or probably precipitate others is a question not easily answered. The majority of the nation desires the punishment of the assassins, and even those who at first hailed the "patriots" as deliverers of the country from the hateful rule of Queen Draga, find that things are not much better than they were before the fatal June 11, 1903. The peasants and lower classes as a body deplore the tragic death of their young King, forgiving all his faults, even his marriage with one whom they looked on as, at best, a designing widow. This it was that more than anything estranged their hearts from him. It was the feeling of deliverance from the arrogance and tyranny of Draga's family, and above all the knowledge that now her scapegrace brother

Bird's-eye View of Belgrade, with Market Place in Foreground

could never be proclaimed heir to the throne, that in the beginning made the people accept the murders with no violent protest, but discontent is swelling and seething. There are two parties in the State, the Austrophile and the Russophiles; but thoughtful men fight shy of the latter, as experience has shown them that Russia, "the big Slav brother," is anything but a sincere friend to the Balkan States, though affecting to cherish them. Russia, in the first instance, was opposed to Servia being proclaimed an independent kingdom, and never forgave King Milan for his action in this respect. Russia encouraged King Alexander's low marriage, and always tried to discredit the country. Still, she finds enthusiastic supporters among the needy and illiterate of the Radical party. Austria, different in language, race, and religion though she be, is admittedly a safer ally. However, times are ripe for changes, and we shall see what we shall see.

The Crown Prince George Princess Helena Prince Alexander Prince Paul

The Family of the Present King of Servia

Princess Helena is Protectoress of the Society whose work consists in aiding the Macedonian Refugees

Crown Prince George (heir apparent), received his schooling in St. Petersburg. He is a good rider and is becoming a good marksman, having recently been promoted to the rank of corporal in the Servian Army

Prince Alexander, on his 15th birthday, was enrolled in the Army as a private and wears the uniform of a private soldier

Prince Paul is the son of Prince Arsen (brother of King Peter).

The King is quite severe with the boys who have a great respect for their father, and he is often present during their instruction hours following their progress closely

"From a Club Window"

The Fatal Egg

The Easter holiday has passed off pleasantly enough, despite the weather and the croaking of those good people who wish everybody to be as wretched as themselves. The former behaved averagely well; and the latter received about as much notice as they deserve. There was, for instance, our leading medical journal. It is always genial. Having warned us, very solemnly, against Christmas-tree candles and the other pleasures of that season, it moves with the times and duly comes to Easter. What do children enjoy most at this season? Easter eggs. Science must alter this! And so we learn that many of the coloured eggs are certain to include "some of the aniline derivatives, many of which are poisonous," whilst others, themselves harmless, "may contain adventitious poisons." Happily, few mothers read our leading medical journal; and children will probably continue to suck aniline derivatives, and to live to an old age, as heretofore.

"Excursions and Alarms"

We found another Easter livener-up in the gentleman who concocted, and published, a list which showed all the railway smashes that have occurred upon Bank Holidays. This was thoughtful of him; and the whole world shuddered—until it remembered the official figures for last year. Roughly, one thousand million people travelled on British railways, and one hundred and fifty passengers were killed. When one traveller in every eight millions is killed, what madness to risk one's life by going down to Margate! Perhaps the livener-up will make a list of people who have died while *not* in trains—or while on mattresses.

"Is London Bridge Safe?"

The increased breadth of London Bridge is more appreciated every day, and one marvels how we managed at all a week or two ago. But the widening has had one sad effect. Staid London Bridge now wobbles painfully: and the *Daily Chronicle* asks, in headlines, "Is it safe?" Certainly, those who walk along the edge have a fair substitute for the Vibration cure: and the incandescent mantles have now—poor ratepayers!—to be renewed each morning. Still, other towns, like Shrewsbury, boast shakier bridges, and perhaps, to parody the poet,

> It is with bridges as with ice—
> The safe shakes loudly, the unsafe is dumb.

A British Welcome?

At last—and not too soon—agitation is being made as to the refreshments provided for travellers who arrive in England from across the Channel. At Calais and Boulogne one can buy buns and luxuries galore, but those who decide to support home industries will have their Britishness rewarded by finding the Dover and Folkestone buffets either closed or totally unready. This is a chill welcome to England. The patriot who wrote to the *Daily Mail* assuring us that the sight of old England's white cliffs was refreshment enough for him seems to have forgotten that *perfide Albion's* chalk is a poor *déjeuner* for French travellers, and that it tends to pall even on the Briton who is compelled by business to do the journey twice a week. To these a sandwich would be worth whole slabs of sentiment.

The Modish Meal

Soon, however, it seems probable, we shall have no breakfast. The decrease of incomes and increase of indigestion has led people to consider the modern mode of life: and it is found voluptuous. Diagrams are being published to display the ordinary man's food in a day, and, in addition to this negative deterrent, the Queen has set a positive example by her much-reported fourpenny-ha'penny meal. The Alexandra Trust is said, by reporters, to be crowded with "well-dressed ladies and gentlemen in frock coats" anxious to emulate their Sovereign. The mention of frock coats, however, leads one to suspect that the frugal diners are impoverished members of the Stock Exchange who have contrived to borrow the five coppers.

The 'Bus Cure

Science, of course, is fond of paradox: but for triumph in this line commend me to a New Jersey physician, reported in the *Westminster* last week. We have appendicitis, said this gentleman, because we do not walk. "The use of trolly-cars and other carriages deprives the muscular walls, of the jolting which serves as a necessary tonic." Hence, argues the physician, appendicitis "is most rife in large cities." It would be of interest, now, to know whether those who ride in London tubes or 'buses suffer from the malady. A man, who gets more jolting to his "muscular walls" by walking, than by riding in a London 'bus, must be a graceful figure in his wanderings! Henceforth (*pace* the New Jersey medico) we must class 'bussing with skipping as the cure for this disease.

Paris in London?

Another novelty! Not only are we (perhaps) to have a Mediæval Joust this summer, but also (perhaps) a Battle of Flowers. June is the time: the Embankment, the place. The idea "seems excellent" (strangely enough!) to "a leading London florist": but, though it sounds delightful, can one do these things in England? Granted a fine day, granted inexpensive flowers, does it suit our temperament? Shall we gaily seek the Thames and fling flowers at each other? or, will the festival be a mere paradise of pickpockets?

D. C.

A JONAH

BY MARK KISSING

It is conceivable that Martin Crosby might have found life more enjoyable had he not been so sorely afflicted with shyness. At the same time, it gave him more leisure to devote himself to his beautiful new motor-car. A famous racing automobilist told him on one occasion, "You cannot be a genuine motorist and in love at the same time; there is not room for them both together." Martin undoubtedly took the maxim to heart, and devoted himself to his motor-car with Spartan severity. But it was a cruel shame to the fair sex to see him, one of the best *partis* of the period, driving in his solitary glory, or, at best, accompanied by another of his own sex.

But it comes to all of us sooner or later, and the day arrived when Martin discovered he liked something else even better than his former one and only love. It came, indeed, upon him with a rush, but without leaving any possibility of a doubt as to his sentiments. It puzzled him beyond all measure, for it was a contingency for which he was utterly unprepared and quite unable to cope with. If it had been a puncture to his tyres, a cylinder gone wrong, or any internal deficiency in his former love, there would have been no hesitation as to how he should deal with the trouble; but he was now utterly at sea.

However, one day he enticed Dell Rostrevor to allow him to take her for a drive. It was to him a leviathan undertaking. An automobile, it is computed, may go wrong in at least two hundred different ways, and in each case the result may be disastrous, but it is simplicity itself to a woman.

The woman, in this case, was ready dressed for him when he called to fetch her. Her appearance was appropriate to the occasion, and not unbecoming. Her chestnut locks were well collected within a most hideous face-mask, and being a motorist of some experience, she wore thick stockings and strong boots. Martin's admiration struggled to the surface as he beheld her even thus attired. He loved her madly!

There is no other occupation so absorbing as the driving of a high horse-powered car. Martin's arms, legs, hands, and brain were all fully occupied. Meantime Dell, being free, studied his profile with the thoroughness of her sex, and found it not unpleasing. His face was as serious as a hanging judge, and he watched the machine dance and bound forward with rapt attention, for an accident would spell not only loss of prestige to him, but danger to the woman he loved.

"Having a good time?" asked Martin for one moment, turning his face—flushed and, she thought, extremely handsome—towards her.

Dell set her teeth; the pace terrified her, but she would not admit it. "Grand!" she murmured. "It reminds me of Henley's poem."

"This is life, isn't it?" shouted back Martin to her. They were now tearing wildly down a steep hill. It was difficult to breathe, let alone converse. She held nervously on to the sides, and prepared to meet her fate, whether good or bad, and be game to the last. The car had bounded onwards, hardly, it seemed, touching the ground. Suddenly it gave forth a grating sound and stopped dead, nearly jerking them out. Martin looked very serious. "It isn't much," he said hastily. "Don't be frightened!"

Dell's lips curled scornfully. "I am never frightened," she replied.

Martin hurriedly threw off the rug and lifted up the bonnet. A smothered ejaculation escaped him, and for a long while his head remained buried in the interior.

"What's the matter?" asked Dell, with composure. In her heart of hearts she welcomed the accident.

"I wish I had my mechanic," groaned Martin.

"Why didn't you bring him?"

"I—I thought he would not be wanted," was the explanation given, with a very red cheek as a set-off.

"Oh!" Dell laughed inwardly, "next time, you must not be so conceited as to think you can manage for yourself. What are you doing?"

"Trying to patch it up till we can reach the nearest town." Martin was labouring assiduously with some very big tools, only stopping now and again to mop his face, in his distraction, with the oil-cloth.

"Mr. Crosby?"

"Yes."

"Did you say to the nearest town?"

"Yes, 'tis only a mile or two away."

"We must be twenty miles from town. You mean we will have to leave the car and return by train?"

Martin looked inexpressibly miserable.

"I am afraid it means that. I am most awfully sorry, but the truth is one of the cylinders has gone wrong and——"

"Never mind," said Miss Rostrevor sweetly, "better luck next time! Though it is rather ignominious to have to go home by an old train!"

Martin felt his disgrace keenly. He hardly opened his mouth, unless it were to apologise. The train was nearly empty, and no one troubled their compartment. Dell made sundry attempts to draw him out, but with little effect. When he left her at her home, she held out her hand and smilingly thanked him:

"When will you take me out for another delightful ride?" she asked.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked eagerly.

"Of course. You couldn't help the accident."

(All rights reserved)

He took her in his arms and pressed kisses on her unresisting lips. "My darling," he kept saying, "I love you . . . Oh, I love you.'

"Oh, yes, I could. If I had thoroughly overhauled the machinery I'd have seen something was wrong: but, to tell you the truth——"

"Yes?" said Dell encouragingly. When a man begins to say, "to tell you the truth," he is going to be interesting.

"Lately I have—I have had something else to think about than only my motor-car," and, with this daring venture, Martin literally took to his heels and fled.

They tried again another day. The fates were still unpropitious. They had a collision, though not a dangerous one. Still, it was sufficient to spoil the effect. Succeeding attempts were all equally unlucky, and Martin, in desperation, declared he had never in his life had so many misadventures crowded into the space of a few weeks. But Dell was encouraging, she cheered him on.

"I like an accident," she said, "it raises itself above the memory of prosaic and tame excursions." At heart she was nearly frightened to death. Every outing in Martin's car was, until disaster occurred, a perfect purgatory to her. Yet the acquaintance between the two was rapidly being strengthened. She admired his perseverance, his good nature, and many other points in his character which gradually showed themselves. He loved her more and more, but felt his chances becoming rapidly less and less.

One day they had some luck. Martin was looking for his chance to declare his passion, but a chance to his timorous soul had to be very complete. On this occasion the car behaved itself properly and they were seated in a hotel enjoying an excellent lunch. Dell felt sure the proposal could not longer be delayed, for you may be sure she had long ago diagnosed Martin's complaint.

"I will tell you something," said Dell slyly, "Something about yourself."

"What is it?" asked Martin uneasily.

"You are in love!"

Martin coloured profusely.

"Am I? Perhaps I am. . . . It is possible you can name the lady?"

He almost gasped for breath at this audacious suggestion from himself.

"She is most exacting," resumed Dell with composure

"Is she?"

"You are wrapped up in her?"

"Who do you mean?"

"Your motor-car!"

Martin deliberately finished his glass of champagne. It steadied him. Now was the time.

"My motor-car is a very secondary consideration with me. I will give it to you if you will accept it, Miss Rostrevor."

"To me? What could I do with it? But it is very sweet of you all the same."

"There is only one condition with it," resumed Martin determinedly "which you have to accept, too."

"And that is?"

"Excuse me, sir," "but I shall have to place another lady and gentleman at this table," interrupted the waiter bustling up. "I am sorry, sir, but to-day we have a large number of visitors . . . ."

Martin glanced at the two sour-visaged individuals who took the two other seats at the table and who cast cold, flaccid, fish-like eyes disapprovingly upon the man and the girl.

"I'm a Jonah!" he muttered to himself.

The chance for that day was gone. In the car a proposal was out of the question, for his mechanic would as likely as not overhear. One cannot speak in a whisper on a motor.

But Dell's good humour never wavered. Teddy adored her more and more; if she refused him, he reflected, he was certain it would break his heart, and yet he must learn the truth from her lips. At last a day's run was arranged, and Martin planned out the hotel where they would lunch, the arbour where coffee would be brought, and there he would tell her, once for all, of his overwhelming devotion, and settle it one way or another. This delay was too much of a strain. The night before the outing he never slept a wink, and rehearsed, again and again, the scene of the morrow. The morning opened fine, and Martin was in ecstasies. Dell, when she appeared, was perfectly radiant. The journey to the selected spot was what the most fastidious personage would have had to admit was perfect. Martin had his programme all ready, and was as nervous as he had ever been in his life, but grimly determined to go through with it. The scene of his declaration to be—that is to say, the luncheon room—was full of people,. He was taciturn and preoccupied at lunch. Dell, for her part, had much to think of. She had really fallen in love with Martin, but was not quite certain whether he was not making a fool of her. The same difficulties which arose to him did not strike her, and she was well aware that people were beginning to talk about her.

After lunch, Martin proposed that they should take a stroll in the gardens before they turned homewards. He led her to his arbour. It was already occupied!

He threw away almost an entire cigarette, and lighted another. He strode viciously up and down the path, throwing glances of unspeakable hatred at the couple inside, who had innocently offended him so deeply. He was longing to tell Dell of his love, but the words in that open spot refused to come to his set lips.

"Let's go back" was all he said, in a harsh tone.

Dell meekly assented. Her spirits had sunk to zero. She had hoped he loved her, and yet all he said were three short words in a harsh voice. She felt crushed and disappointed. They started on their homeward tour, and she vowed it would be the last occasion she would throw herself at Crosby. She had made herself cheap to him, and he did not appreciate her. Suddenly the rain began. In a few minutes it came pelting down, saturating them to the skin, so utterly unprepared were they. Thunder and lightning accompanied it, the thunder bursting overhead, with vivid flashes of lightning around them. Martin, who knew better than to disturb the current of air while the storm lay overhead, stopped the car, and sat silent. Dell began to weep silently but bitterly.

Martin, turning to see that she was as well wrapped up as was possible under the circumstances, surprised her.

"Oh," he said, "don't do that!"

No answer.

"Miss Rostrevor—I am so sorry and there is no shelter near. I would have sooner anything had happened than this."

"You—could—not—help—it."

The sight of a weeping girl drove all prepared speeches, all awkwardness utterly away. In a moment he became—what a man in love rarely is—natural.

"Miss Rostrevor—Dell—are you frightened?"

"Yes."

"My poor darling!"

He took her in his arms and pressed kisses on her unresisting lips. "My darling," he kept saying, "I love you . . . Oh, I love you."

. . . . . .

A mud-bedraggled motor-car, with two occupants, flitted through the London streets. The said occupants were wet to the skin, but perfectly happy. They were comparing notes.

"I have loved you, Dell, ever since I first set eyes on you," said the swain.

"How much, dear?"

"How much!" Martin considered a moment. The question needed an extravagant comparison for an effective answer. "Why," he returned impressively, "so much that if you didn't like my car, I'd never use it again."

Dell made a little move.

"Oh, Martin," she said, "if you'd only told me earlier, what a lot of terrific shocks you might have saved me!"

But Martin did not understand.

Drawn by *Charles Ambrose*

April Weather: A Ticklish Breeze

Cordingley's Motor Show

The recent Exhibition of Motor-cars, the ninth of the series annually promoted by Messrs. Cordingley and Co., at the Agricultural Hall, was very wide in its scope, and practically embraced not only automobiles proper, but also every sort of accessory connected with their use. It is supposed to be a show held more in the interests of agents and dealers rather than in those of actual manufacturers, and some forty large firms, recently in evidence at the Crystal Palace, were pledged not to bring their wares to Islington. This, however, did not greatly matter, as the public of late has been suffering somewhat from a surfeit of a few particular types; and as some three hundred and thirty firms patronised this gathering, not forgetting the Automobile Club itself, there was plenty to see of very considerable interest.

The Darracq

Darracqs were greatly to the fore, being shown on several stands, and these cars having, in the last year or two, been greatly improved and rendered quieter, they attracted a good deal of notice, to a great extent on account of the price. When a smart, speedy, and practical vehicle to carry four, and made in large numbers by responsible people, is offered to the buyer at £350 for full 12 h.-p., he is inclined to regard it as a business proposition, and finds it difficult to see the necessity of paying £500 for a very similar article.

What's in a Name?

One of the saddest aspects of motor driving is, that if one starts with a vehicle of low horse power, it is absolutely certain that, sooner or later, its owner will desire to discard it for a car with more power and with a greater turn of speed. This has, in the ordinary course of nature, just happened to a neighbour of mine, who set off to the Crystal Palace recently, with a cheque in his pocket, where we happened to foregather, and spent some instructive hours "havering" with the various stall-holders. Several times did he make the Sydenham pilgrimage, but the cheque remained—a blank. Then I met him later, at the Agricultural Hall, and in a corner of the gallery he suddenly met his fate. Merely a naked *chassis*, and, after a searching inspection by one of our best-known motor *dilletanti*, the draft was drawn to pay Montagu Hawnt and Co. £265 for this identical and attractive skeleton. The Motobloc is its uncanny name, a Bordeaux article of which, I imagine, we shall hear a good deal. Of course, a trial trip was taken in a finished car, which itself had been secured by a Wimbledon resident, so charmed was he with it, but this particular *chassis* is to have the body built to it by a local and first-class firm of coachbuilders, which is a very practical way of having one's own ideas carried out in matters of detail.

A Gunmaker's Car

The exhibit, which more particularly set all the quidnuncs agog, was another French production, the Hotchkiss *chassis* made by the great cannon manufacturers. It was certainly most magnificently finished as a gun *should* be, and all work done on it was doubtless to micrometer gauge, almost as if it were a chronometer. All friction was "reduced to a minimum"—(copyright phrase), by the employment of ball-bearings practically everywhere, and as a result, gears could be revolved by a touch of the little finger. This is very nice, indeed, at an exhibition, but whether "the point" would be a subject for grateful rejoicing, after a year or two of hard running up and down the country, to the owner, is a matter for philosophic doubt.

Maudslay

The most notable British manufacturers showing their complete carriage were the Maudslay firm. I have never seen such coach work on any English motor-car, and it is turned out, as it should be in a first-rate carriage, where expense is of secondary consideration. The engine is both sound and simple, having all the valves at the top of the cylinders, the lay shaft operating them being worked by skew gear off the crank shafting. The commutator simply stares one in the face on opening the bonnet, and, generally speaking, accessibility to the working parts is evidently, most wisely, the chief consideration. Although on view shod with five-inch pneumatics, they can be run on solids on the driving wheels, and this would seem to be preferable when one considers that the Wagonette Omnibus weighs, unladen, as much as 35cwt., which would put a tremendous strain on any air-filled tyre.

Germain

The Germain is a Belgian Car, though none the worse for this, and, among the foreign four-cylinder vehicles, takes a decidedly noticeable position. Its chief points are the use of steel cylinders in the place of the usual cast iron ones, beaten brass water jackets for the same, which, taken together, produce an engine of very light weight and a general simplicity of design which nowadays is somewhat noteworthy. The bonnet is mud and dust proof, and the engine is efficiently covered in

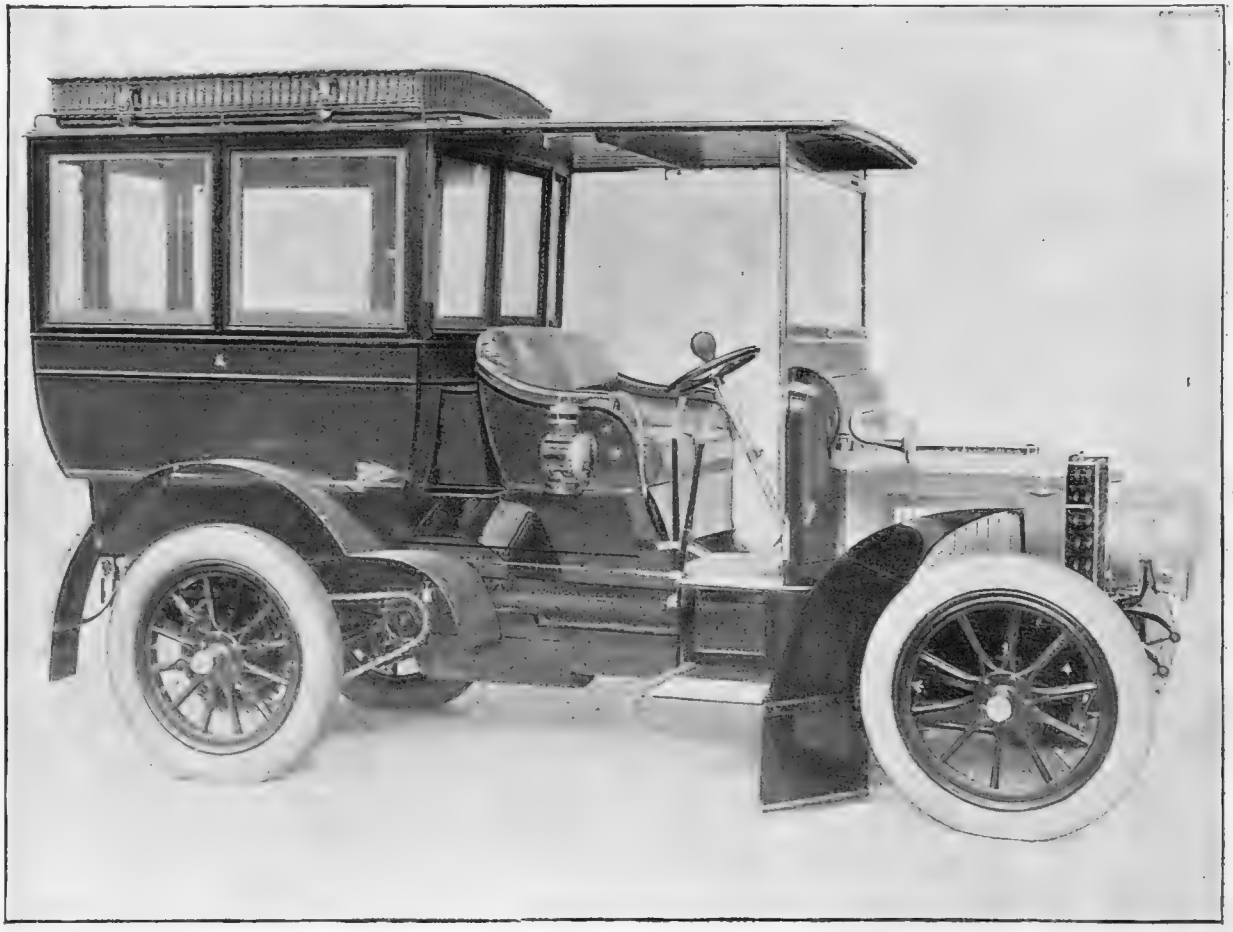
underneath, and therefore but little cleaning should be required in the internal parts. The power is varied not by throttling the admission, but by varying the lift of the inlets by a simple but ingenious device, which certainly makes the engine run with extreme quietness. Frame is of armoured wood, and spokes of wheels are of acacia with hickory felloes. There appears to be no scamping or cheap work in this vehicle, and for a 16 h.-p. car, at moderate price, it is certainly worth attention.

Final Regulations

The new regulations of the Local Government Board are out, and may be deemed to be extremely satisfactory. The idea of fitting acetylene lamps with hoods or curtains, to be dropped from time to time to minimise the glare of the light, has been abandoned as unpractical, and the matter of using too high a candle-power has been left to the commonsense and good taste of drivers themselves; but, on the other hand, swivelled searchlights, capable of being turned in any direction, have been very properly prohibited. It is also to be noted that a horse need not be actually "restive" before its driver may signal a motorist to stop. When a skittish quadruped begins to make a "bobbery" at the sight of a motor-car, its driver has quite enough to do to control him with both hands without endeavouring to hold up one of them, in order to warn the motorist. "Live and let live" is our motto. Supposing one *is* stopped now and again, even by nervous and incompetent drivers. Who cares? No one, as the lawyers say, is thereby "damnified." There are, and probably always will be, more horses than motor-cars, and it is difficult to conceive why any right-minded automobilist should desire to treat them other than with due and reasonable consideration. The way in which some few motoring scribes write about horses makes one really feel quite poorly.

Submarines

Hardly was the ink dry in making a passing allusion to submarines in these pages, when came the most sad news of the disaster off the Nab Lightship. It is part of the system of our glorious Navy so to train up young men that, well before they have reached the prime of life, they are in a position both cheerfully to accept, and conscientiously to carry out, the most tremendous responsibilities. One often wonders if the duties performed by the modern Naval Lieutenant, who, while still in his twenties, throughout the middle watch of a black night at sea, is in charge of a battleship worth a million of money and carrying perhaps some seven hundred souls, are appreciated by the public at their true value. Of such men are our admirals bred, on such men with their comrades of all ratings may the safety, and, indeed, the very existence of this country depend. The nation mourns the loss of these gallant ones, and watches with pride the hundreds of others who are so eager to take up their work. C. G. Matson.



The Maudslay Motor Company's 25 h.-p. Convertible Wagonette Omnibus, Price 1,000 Guineas

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Paris Golf Club

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum: every golfer cannot go to Paris, but for him who can, the attractions of the Gay City have been immensely increased by the existence of a flourishing golf club, and an excellent course in its suburbs. I refer to the "Société de Golf de Paris," to give the club its full title, whose links are situated at La Boulie, which is close to Versailles, being no more than a fifteen-minutes drive from the Versailles station. Golf has maintained a vigorous existence in various parts of France, principally at Pau, but, till quite recently, the game in these various places has been carried on almost entirely by our countrymen, the natives merely supplying caddies and looking on the game as only one more eccentricity of a mad race of beings. Gradually, however, one or two Frenchmen were induced to try their hands at this absurd diversion, with the usual result that he who came to scoff remained to play, and so, as a natural result, the inoculated Frenchman cast about for a spot near Paris, where he might carry on this, to him, new sport.

The Difficulty of Finding Ground for a Course near Paris

I well remember, some ten years ago, being approached by Mr. George Williams, now secretary of the Ranelagh Club, as to the possibility of starting golf near Paris. The difficulties were so great that finally he had to abandon the attempt. Land near Paris is so subdivided, and held by so many different owners, and the price is so exorbitant, that it is an extremely difficult matter to get sufficient ground for a golf course without the assistance of a syndicate of American millionaires.

The Founders of the Paris Golf Club

However, in 1896, the Paris Golf Club was started under the auspices of M. Diaz-Albertini, one of the keenest all-round sportsmen alive, Captain Rigby, and Colonel Douglas Dawson, then Military Attaché at our Embassy. These were joined by M. Legrand, a pawky old Cannes golfer, the Duc d'Uzès, M. Paul Hottinguer, and Comte Jacques de Pourtalès. After much searching they found a piece of communal land at Mesnil-le-Roi, where the club started its operations under anything but favourable conditions. It was soon felt, however, that this course was not good enough. At the end of 1900 several valuable new recruits had been enlisted, chief among them being M. Pierre Deschamps, now president of the club; Mr. Henry Cachard, an American barrister; and Mr. G. Hetley, a fine lawn-tennis player and an excellent golfer.

The Discovery of La Boulie

Parties were organised to scour the suburbs of Paris in search of a suitable locality for a really good course worthy of the great metropolis. Finally, by a happy chance, two of these

M. Pierre Deschamps
The President and moving spirit of the Paris Golf Club

The Paris Golf Club's Headquarters at La Boulie
The palatial building, now nearing completion, is in striking contrast with the former galvanized iron structure used by the club

The Third Hole

The Seventh Hole

The Eleventh Hole

The Sixteenth Hole

VIEWS OF THE PARIS GOLF CLUB'S FINE COURSE AT LA BOULIE, NEAR VERSAILLES

searchers came upon an old Government stud farm at La Boulie. The committee soon visited the place and lost no time in entering into negotiations with its owners. The final outcome of the negotiations was that the club took a lease of the farm, with the option of purchasing the freehold at the end of 1902. need only say that a course, 6,200 yards in length, has been laid out without any crossing, to give my readers an idea of the extent of the land now held by the club. While I was in Paris in the last months of

1902 and the early months of 1903, the club finally bought the freehold, and are now the undisputed possessors of as fine and suitable an area of ground as could possibly be found anywhere for the game.

M. Pierre Deschamps, the Moving Spirit of the Club

M. Pierre Deschamps, a most admirable sportsman and a keen hand at the game, was the moving spirit of the undertaking, and it is almost entirely due to his generous enthusiasm that lovers of the game can now play, at a short distance from Paris, on a really fine course. When I was there the club were using a temporary club house, of the Humphrey's iron building species. But towards the end of my stay the foundations were being dug of the palatial club house which is now rapidly nearing completion.

How to get to La Boulie

Before describing the course it may be as well to give readers an idea of how best to get to La Boulie. There are two railway lines running to Versailles, one from the Montparnasse Station, the other an electric line starting from the Invalides, the most convenient station, however, being at the Pont d'Alma, on the left bank of the Seine. Either of these lines will land the traveller in about half an hour at Versailles, and from there a cab drive of about fifteen minutes will take him to the doors of the club house. The principal days of play are Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, on which days the club have a special saloon reserved for them on the electric line in the train starting about 9.40 from the Invalides. But the game can also be played on the other days of the week, including Sunday, and the club professional, Reid, will be found ready to provide as severe a test of play as any player can desire. Still, an intending visitor had better select one of the days first mentioned for his initial visit, as he is sure on those days to find a great many members on the course, including, most probably, M. Deschamps, who is always ready to extend the warmest welcome to any member of a recognised golf club, and who will at once do everything in his power to provide a match for the visitor, and see to his comfort in every possible way.

The Course Laid Out by Willie Park

The course is a fine, bold, long one, such as one would expect from the master hand of Willie Park, who laid it out, and, with the alterations and improvements begun last year, and recently completed, it can challenge comparison with the best inland links. La Boulie lies high above Versailles, and the player coming from Paris cannot fail to note the change in the air, which is most exhilarating and bracing.

The Club's Great Meeting in June

One of the most generous patrons of the club is Mr. Gordon-Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, who has presented a most magnificent Cup to the club, which the committee have decided shall form the prize for the Amateur Championship of France. This championship competition is to be inaugurated next June (the actual date is June 16), and the winner will receive a prize worth 350 francs, the runner-up one worth 250 francs, while the losers in the semi-finals will each receive medals. Besides this Championship Competition, which will be played by match play, the taste of score players will be ministered to in the shape of an international amateur handicap for the Henry Cachard Challenge Cup, handicaps limited to 12 strokes, over one round of the links, the winner receiving a prize of the value of 250 francs and the runner-up one worth 150 francs. Anyone winning either of these Cups three times in succession will become the possessor of it. The club intends holding this Championship meeting every year in June, at La Boulie, during the week following the race of the Grand Prix de Paris. Any golfer who may wish for further particulars need only apply to the Secretary Société de Golf de Paris, La Boulie près Versailles, and he will receive all the information he may want.

A Delightful Trip for a Golfer

I can imagine no more delightful trip for golfers this year than a visit to Paris, with the view of participating in the first Amateur Championship of France. Our Championships will both have been held by June 9, so that the intending visitor could get to Paris by the 10th and have a few days to spare for practice on the La Boulie links. Most of my readers, I take it, know how delightful Paris is at that time, and any who do not know cannot do better than remedy their deficiency. The French sportsmen will give them a most warm welcome, and will thoroughly appreciate the compliment paid to French golf by their visit. Are not these the days of the revived *entente cordiale*, and can golfers do better than carry on in their domain the spirit of good comradeship which has so happily permeated the political relations of the two countries as a consequence of the King's visit to Paris?

The Rules of Golf Done into French by M. Deschamps

Any golfer who is a little rusty in his French will be able to improve his knowledge of the language by studying the text of the rules of golf as admirably translated into French by M. Deschamps. He will find among other words that the plebeian "caddie" becomes in the French version the aristocratic "cadet," the French word being claimed by M. Deschamps as the source of the Scottish word. This point I must leave to better philologists than myself to decide. In any case M. Deschamps is to be congratulated on the ingenious and efficient way in which he has accomplished a difficult piece of work. In conclusion, I wish him and his fellow-members every possible success in their great endeavour to popularise one of the greatest games in the world among Frenchmen. Given the popularity of lawn tennis and football in Paris I see no reason why golf should not have the same success, and I trust we shall not have long to wait for the appearance of some French golf champions worthy to cross clubs with our own. Ernest Lehmann.

A Beautiful Wild Garden

We are glad to have been accorded special permission to publish photographs of one of the most beautiful wild gardens in England. It belongs to, and has been to a large extent planted by, Colonel Baskerville, at Crowsley Park, Henley-on-Thames, and is a model of what wild gardening should be. Trees, shrubs, and plants are placed where their habits best fit them to grow and display their beauties, either by themselves, or in contrast wi h others, and then they are left alone. The result is a wilderness of natural beauty and colour, of which the photographs we publish give but a faint idea. It is possible, however, to imagine the effect of the delphiniums which seem so perfectly at home, springing out of the grass in serried masses, as the first picture shows them. Pæonies, also, grow like weeds in the grass and make a glorious effect in the early summer. A few can be seen in the second photograph; and in the third there are the tulips, which form still earlier pictures, and the irises behind them, not yet in bloom. Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., has painted a picture of the delphiniums, which is now in the public picture gallery at Sydney, N.S.W., and another of Oriental poppies and lupines, which was bought by Queen Victoria. We should like to be able to reproduce some of the artist's colours, but our readers must use their imaginations, and supply what the photographs lack, for themselves.

A Soldier's Hobby

This beautiful wild garden was originally a fir wood, which was blown down in a gale about fifty years ago. It was then grubbed and treated as a farm. By degrees, parts of it were planted, and for the last thirty years Colonel Baskerville has gradually increased it bit by bit, whenever his soldiering left him free to give time and attention to his hobby, until it is now about ten acres in extent. It has all soils—gravel, sand, and almost clay. The open grassy spaces are full of bulbs—daffodils, tulips (which deteriorate and want renewing), and others. There are millions of purple crocuses. Colonel Baskerville remembers them as thick when he was a child, for they were before the days of his planting. German Iris is everwhere. Last year some thousands of Spanish and English Iris were put into the grass. Bamboos do well, and in fact almost everything. The beds, where there are beds, have to be weeded in the spring, but in a short time it is impossible to see that they have been touched, and the effect is one of perfectly natural growth. We hope to publish other photographs of the gardens at Crowsley Park. They are full of beautiful effects, and contain a good many things which are uncommon in Eng'and.

Photo by **Scene in Colonel Baskerville's Wild Garden at Crowsley Park** *Taylor*
Masses of Delphiniums are seen growing wild in the grass

A Winding Path in the Wild Garden

Trees, shrubs and plants, are placed where their habits best fit them to grow, and then they are left alone

Photos by **Tulips Growing in the Grass at Crowsley Park** *Taylor*

The photographs give but a faint idea of the splendid effect produced by the brilliant colouring of the tulips set against the more sober colours of the surrounding foliage

A Typical Corner of the Wild Garden, Delphiniums being well to the Front

Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., has painted a picture of the Delphiniums in this garden which is now in the public picture gallery at Sydney, N.S.W.

Photos by *Taylor*

A Group of Poppies in the Wild Garden at Crowsley Park

The late Queen Victoria purchased a picture painted by Mr. Parsons, of the Oriental poppies and lupines in this magnificent garden, said to be the finest wild garden in England

E. W. Bury, of Cambridge, who Won the Singles
Bury beat Graham, of Oxford, by three games to love

A. J. Graham, of Oxford, who Played in the Doubles
Although defeated in the Singles, Graham helped win the Doubles, and played in all four of the matches—a remarkable performance

THE INTER-'VARSITY RACQUET CONTEST: OXFORD WINS THE DOUBLES, AND CAMBRIDGE THE SINGLES

Photos by] **Little Jacques Bonhomme Learning to Box** [*Gerschel*

"La Boxe" is gaining ground every day in France, and now forms part of the curriculum in many French schools. It is hardly necessary for us to point out to English readers the difference between French "La Boxe" and English boxing, as our illustration makes it so evident

ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY POINT-TO-POINT RACES

Taking the First Fence in the Open Steeplechase
There was a large attendance at this popular Army race meeting, which was held at Sundridge Hall Farm, near Bromley, Kent

Mr. G. Avilar Wins the Open Steeplechase on his Mare, Peggy II.
Although a hailstorm was experienced, the capital card arranged by Capt. H. E. Vallentin and his committee was successfully carried out with only one omission

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Our Supplement

Our Supplement, this week, called by the artist, Mr. Frederick Whiting, "The Old Runner," (which we have renamed "Masters! the Hunt!") is, we venture to say, as striking a piece of colour work as has ever been produced by the printer's craft. We have placed one of these supplements in a frame alongside the original, and, looked at from a distance of a couple of feet, it is almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

Apropos of this subject, we wonder how many of our readers take the trouble to have their supplements framed? They are almost all worth it, and many of them, especially the Phil May reproductions, are already worth a good deal more than the price paid for the copy which contained them, since they cannot be reprinted, and, as everyone knows, alas, Phil May is no longer with us. The sporting print in our last number is one of a set of four, which will be continued as occasion permits. These supplements, a regular feature of our paper, have proved, from the many letters we have received on the subject, a very much appreciated feature, and it gives us great pleasure to state that there is no likelihood of their being discontinued.

Photo by *Cauvin*

M. Rigolly Beating the World's Motor Record for One Kilometre at Nice: The Finish

Concerning Fountain Pens

The number of fountain pens, like that of every other necessity, is legion. Yet rarely does one come across a user who can speak of the medium of what Mr. Zangwill calls his "inky vomit" without using language of the most feeling description. One can only sympathise and say, "Why didn't you get the real article?" A good pen, like the "Swan," should go far towards softening the attitude a great many people we know harbour against fountain pens in general.

Mediterranean Winter Resorts

The ever-increasing army of visitors to the Continent will welcome the news that an enlarged edition is about to be issued of "Mediterranean Winter Resorts" (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.), by E. A. Reynolds Ball, F.R.G.S. The new volume will be enlarged to 630 pages, and will contain several new chapters, dealing with, among other resorts, Cyprus, Tetuan, and Khartoum. Mr. Ball's book is a reliable and useful guide, and it is entertaining, not only to those who propose to travel, but to the many who delight to recall associations of bygone days on the Continent.

Photo by *Cauvin*

The Exhibition of Motor-Launches at Monaco

The Prince of Monaco is seen following attentively the explanation given to him on the working of the motor in these now fashionable petrol boats

Our Photographic Competition

Now that the spring is with us and the camera again appears upon the scene to snapshot events and occurrences, it will interest our readers to learn that in our next number we shall announce the conditions of our first Photographic Competition. It will be conducted somewhat differently to most, inasmuch as we propose to give the subjects of the photographs to our readers. The prizes will be substantial, and the Competition well worth entering, even for those who are not able to win prizes. We shall publish all the winning photographs, and probably a great number of those that do not actually win prizes, provided they are worth reproducing, and, it need scarcely be said, they will be paid for.

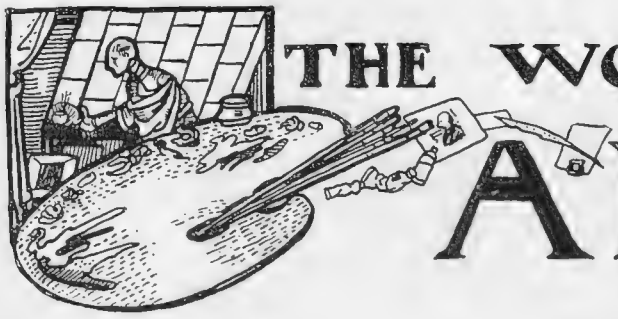
Mr. Walker Munro's Flower-bedecked Motor, "L'Entente Cordiale," Gains First Prize in the Carnival

This car, which was most lavishly decorated, had large floral substitutes, worked in the proper colours, of the Union Jack and the French Tricolor

Photos by *Cavain*

M. Rigolly and his Chauffeur in the Car in which they Won the "Course de Mille" at Nice, when a Speed of Nearly 100 Miles an Hour was Obtained

THE MOTORING SEASON ON THE RIVIERA: THE NICE WEEK



THE WORLD OF ART

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF JAPANESE LIFE AND LANDSCAPE

It seems that the outward romance and the superficial beauty of life—the graceful externals—of the Middle Ages have almost entirely disappeared from the once gay pageantry of existence, in Europe.

> Irám indeed is gone, with all its rose,
> And Ja·mshyd's sev'n-ring'd cup where no one knows.

But the East is still outwardly beautiful, and in Japan, at least, there is the grace of life, and "still a garden by the water blows." All this is shown us in a very delightful way in the exhibition of Japanese pictures at the Kodak Galleries, in the Strand. Here is collected a large number of fine photographs by various hands that are well worthy of the charming subjects they so truly reproduce. Among the most successful exhibitors in the Galleries is Mrs. Lasenby Liberty, who has travelled far, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque, and gives us many delightful results of her skill and taste. The first picture we reproduce, the Jizo Bhudda, near Hakone, is at once an excellent composition and a picture of a little "literary" interest. It is the god of the children before whose shrine are laid little stones. Each stone will save the little child who puts it there one week of punishment in that underworld through which it must pass. The Samasen Player, again, is a characteristic study of Japanese life with its native music, ages old, and its European onlooker, who, historically speaking, is very new to Dai Nippon. These pictures are taken almost at random from the many that Mrs. Liberty shows. Among the most charming of them are the "Village Scene on the Nakasendo," the "Tea House at Ogo," "A Garden in Kioto," and "Coolie Training a Dwarf Tree, Shiba," which shows an agreeable art, recently introduced into Europe, in action in its native land. Mr. G. Ralph Cox is especially happy in his photographs of Japanese life and landscape; the "Chusenji Pilgrims" and the "Pilgrims at Chusenji" give a very agreeable and vivid impression of these enthusiasts. An admirable composition, itself highly Japanese in feeling, is the fine "Fujiama," the sacred mountain whose shadow lies half across Europe at the present moment, in the taking of which Mr. Cox appears to have been particularly inspired. Among the other exhibitors, Mr. Adam Sykes is especially fortunate. His long

Photo by *Mrs. Lasenby Libert,*

The Samasen Player in a Pleasure Garden

Photo by *Mrs. Lasenby Liberty*

Jizo Bhudda

A god before whom the Japanese children lay little stones

Photos by *G. Ralph Cox*

Two Photographs of Pilgrims at Chusenji

series of pictures from the "Kinkakuji Temple, Kioto," to the "Carrying Chair of Japan" are crowded with interest and instinct with the spirit of the gorgeous East. Here, in a little space, the daily life and surroundings of this artistic and clever people lie spread before us. No one can turn from these technically excellent views without feeling that they have added something to their knowledge of the moods and manners of the Japanese. Mr. F. J. Paget, too, gives us a number of agreeable studies of both scenic and sociological importance. His "Theatre Street, Yokohama" is a characteristic example of his method of handling his subjects, from which it will be seen that he follows the Greek ideal in this particular, and tells the truth with kindness.

Photo by *G. Ralph Cox*

Fujiama and Decorative Foreground

There are some excellent photographs of Japanese Floral Decorations, which the amateur of the decorative side of life would do well to study, and some portraits of the great personages of Japan, now busy in making history, whose personalities interest a wider public every day. In short, this exhibition of photographs will entertain all those who use the camera, and all those who are fascinated by the arts and life of the land of the Mikado; and, as for the others—well, there are not very many, and the world is before them. E. M.

Photo by *F. J. Paget*

Theatre Street, Yokohama

THE CONNOISSEUR

A Magazine of the Eighteenth Century Arts

To those who would take their pleasure among the arts with ease and dignity the two splendidly illustrated and sumptuously printed volumes by Mr. Byron Webber, which he calls "James Orrock" (Chatto and Windus), and in which he gives a full and interesting biography of this clever artist, accomplished connoisseur, and fortunate collector, afford the most alluring field of dalliance In the study of the fine arts, said Disraeli, they mutually assist each other. It seems to us no living painter has made better use of this wise dictum than Mr. Orrock. The pleasant result of this catholicity of spirit is that his biography offers a thousand different points of interest to the connoisseur, and among so many everybody will be able to find the one that he loves best. If he be for English water-colour, Mr. Orrock, whose own attainments in this branch of art are too well-known to need mention, is the most entertaining and authentic raconteur on the subject. If he be for the work of the eighteenth century portrait painters, this guide and philosophic friend of the English arts, can show him some of the most admirable examples of the pictures of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and the other giants. If his taste should be for the decorative arts as applied to the adornment and comfort of the house, these volumes will prove a magazine of knowledge in regard to the best work of the eighteenth century cabinet-makers and the artificers of stone and metal, wood and glass.

An Adam Bookcase of Unusual Design

Pergolesi Piece, with panels painted by Angelica Kaufmann

One part of this book, with which we should like to deal at the present time, tells of the fine "Adam" house which the painter has made his home, and of the eighteenth century paintings and examples of the allied arts on which Mr. Orrock has long been an enthusiastic authority. To begin with, the interior decoration of the house is in the most accomplished manner of the cultivated brothers Adam, to whom London owes so much of its early nineteenth century charm. Such a house as he early planned, skill, and years of labour, and kindly fortune, have bestowed upon him. It was here that his close friend, Ruskin, was almost persuaded to write one more great book, this time upon the architecture of Adam, the decoration of Flaxman, the ceramics of Wedgwood, and ornamentation generally during the period when these three were most in vogue. One can well understand that the house Mr. Orrock was showing to the author of "The Seven Lamps," with its well-chosen furniture and cunningly displayed "Powdered Blue," its bronzes and its fine paintings, should have nearly lured so sound a critic of the beautiful towards the consideration of a very pertinent, but then somewhat neglected, period of endeavour. The illustrations we have been allowed to borrow from Mr. Orrock's vast store are selected only to show the eighteenth century furniture in an environment justly adapted to the purpose of setting it off to advantage. The bookcase—used in the present instance to hold fine old Nankin—is an uncommon example of Adam work. The ornament is in relief and of satinwood, a style not often used by the Adam brothers. Of the Pergolesi piece in the next picture, with painting by Angelica Kaufmann, much could be written, but for the moment lack of space necessitates our laying this fascinating work aside.

E. M.

THE MENU

AN APRIL DINNER

Consommé à la Royale.
Slices of Salmon, with Tarragon Sauce.
Lamb Cutlets.
Guinea Fowl.
Queen's Pudding.
Pain of Rhubarb.
Olives with Anchovies.

CONSOMMÉ À LA ROYALE

This is a bright, clear soup, with tablets of custard as garnish. First make the custard thus: mix the yolks of four eggs with a gill of broth and a pinch of salt, strain the mixture and divide into three equal portions. Colour one with carmine, one with spinach greening, leave the third plain. Pour them into three little moulds previously buttered, and poach just long enough to set the custards firmly; take off the fire, and when cold turn the custards out on a napkin. Cut them into dice or any pretty shape with your vegetable cutter as neatly as possible, and add to the soup just before serving. For the soup, proceed as follows: take 1½lb. of beef, as fresh as possible, and ½lb. of bones broken up as small as possible. Cut the meat into 2in. squares, and put with bone into a stock-pot with three and a half pints cold water and ½oz. of salt. Put the pot by the side of the fire and let it gradually heat; as this takes place a scum will form, which must be carefully removed as it rises. When nearly boiling, throw in a coffee cup of cold water to check the process and help the scum to rise. When quite clear and boiling, tie in a net the following vegetables, cleaned and cut up, and add to the soup: 5oz. onions, 5oz. carrots, 5oz. leeks, 5oz. turnips, 1oz. parsnips, 1oz. celery, one clove, small bunch of parsley, one sprig thyme, one bayleaf. As soon after adding this the soup again boils, reduce the heat till it simmers only. When the vegetables are cooked, remove them, and allow the soup to simmer for three and a half hours. Now strain into a basin and allow to cool, so that any remaining fat may be removed. You now have a well flavoured and strong soup, needing only to be warmed for use.

SLICES OF SALMON WITH TARRAGON SAUCE

One and a-half pounds best cut of salmon, which should be carefully cut into eight slices. Make a broth with 1lb. of fish trimmings, 3oz. each of carrots and turnips, 4oz. onions, a small bunch of parsley chopped, and a bouquet of marjoram, bayleaf, thyme, chervil, a saltspoonful of pepper and one of salt. When cooked and well flavoured, add a gill of claret or hock. Put the broth in a large sauté pan, bring it to the boil and slip in the slices of salmon. When it again boils, lower the heat and let it simmer fifteen minutes, when it will be ready and should be served with the following sauce poured over it: prepare a soup with ½oz. of butter and ½oz. of flour, work it into half a pint of the fish broth, bring it to the boil, skim, strain and finish with a dessertspoonful of finely minced tarragon, the same of anchovy vinegar, and lastly the yolk of a raw egg well mixed with an ounce of butter.

LAMB CUTLETS.

Braise a nice neck of lamb, then leave it till perfectly cold when you cut it into neat cutlets; trim and flatten these out lightly. Have ready some good mint aspic (made by blending three or four tablespoonfuls of mint sauce with half a pint of aspic and using it when setting) mash the cutlets with this, and when set dish in a circle, filling up the centre with green peas tossed in mayonnaise and any of the mint aspic that may be left over.

GUINEA-FOWL

Have a nice larded guinea-fowl (if your cook cannot lard it nicely, let her tie a slitted sheet of thinly cut bacon over the breast, but the larding looks better and any poulterer will do it); roast it carefully, basting it plentifully all the time; then dish on a hot dish, garnish with picked and seasoned watercress, and serve with Sauce Espagnole. For the Sauce: cut up some slices of ham and the trimmings and giblets of the bird; place a lump of butter, well mixed with fine flour, in a saucepan; stir over a quick fire till a good brown colour; moisten with stock, a tumblerful of white wine, and the juice of a lemon; simmer by the side of the fire for some hours; pass through a tammy, clear off all the grease, and thicken with a little meat glaze.

QUEEN'S PUDDING

Slightly heat a full half-pint of milk; dissolve 1oz. (sixteen sheets) of gelatine in a gill of water, and when quite dissolved strain it into the milk; add a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, the yolks of four eggs, and 2oz. of castor sugar; stir over the fire to cook the eggs, but do not let the mixture boil, or it will curdle; let it cool, and then add a teaspoonful of curaçoa and half a pint of whipped cream; whisk together, and when nicely cold pour into a china mould.

PAIN OF RHUBARB

Make a rhubarb fool, using 1 quart of rhubarb; soak ½oz. of gelatine in half a tumblerful of water and when quite dissolved add it to the rhubarb. Pass through a sieve and mix with half a pint of cream or milk. Set in a mould which has been soaked in cold water.

OLIVES WITH ANCHOVIES

Take some Spanish olives and stone them; wash and fillet four anchovies and mince them finely, also a quarter of a teaspoonful of minced onion, a little chopped parsley, and a grain of red pepper. Put this preparation with each olive in place of the stone, put them on fried croûtons and serve with or without mayonnaise sauce.

EMILIA.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE"

A COCKNEY BANK HOLIDAY

On 'Ampstead 'Eath I loikes to greet
Me rorty pals and donahs meet;
For on this dye I tikes me fling
At cokernuts or kissin-ring;
And Sal, she sez, "There ain't no treat
In Laundin 'alls this yer to beat!"
As she on 'orses tikes 'er seat
And chortles gyly rahnd the ring
On 'Amstead 'Eath.

And whilst I shoves me plites of meat*
To 'er blest 'ome in 'Oxton Street,
M'eart is all a foire to sing
Of luv to Sal, oose peepers bring
The bloomin' dream of mem'ries sweet
On 'Amstead 'Eath.

E. M. BEACH.

* Weary feet.

Fashionable Facts and Fancies

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The really desirable in modes is a vision of things, as yet unseen. That is to say, if we are in any sort of the ultra-fastidious community. As someone rather cleverly pointed out the other day, it is positively fatal to tell a Frenchwoman that a model is selling well; whereas, with the Englishwoman this is quite one of the most fascinating pieces of shop jargon in existence.

Owing chiefly, no doubt, to our insular position, our prejudices are mostly in favour of a fashion that knocks you down, figuratively speaking, at every street corner. But we are trying to persuade ourselves, Ambrosine and I, that, among the elect at least, this stubbornness is giving way at last, before the greater facilities for travelling and the daily closer communication with other countries.

Now, quite among our pet weaknesses is to be counted constant visits to Paris—we shall be going over, by the way, in about a fortnight's time—though we have long ago ceased to find it necessary to make other than the slightest purchases there. Notwithstanding which, our time is not by any means given over altogether to the pursuit of pleasure, albeit we take as much of that as is amiably blown our way; but we just soak ourselves in prevailing vogues. We study what to buy and how to wear what we have bought; then we straightway return, and bring joy and solace to the depressed heads of establishments on this side the Channel, who, having been, like ourselves, on the other side, are sitting crestfallen over the stiff-neckedness of a people who refuse to be lifted out of an accustomed groove.

Far be it from us to say that it would be possible or even well for an Englishwoman to become entirely French in her *tenue*. But what we do remark and deplore is the tardiness with which fresh ventures are accepted. Yet, once they are, then immediately follows the requisite adaptability, which, in our humble judgment, might just as well have been put into force before.

And such is a brief summary of our reflections subsequent to a recent visit at Peter Robinson's, Regent Street. Now, this is a firm with every disposition to bring Paris at its best and most exclusive to our very doorsteps. For the season, that may now be said to be with us, they have secured some exceptionally good models; but these will not be exposed in the window, for every common little modiste to gaze upon. No! For a glimpse of the exclusive, everyone must ascend to the salons upstairs; and we can, from experience, add the assurance that the slightest sign of appreciation will be responded to with a positively refreshing zeal and pleasure.

To Ambrosine shall be granted the praise of securing a privileged sketch of that essentially modish and uncommon walking-costume, her selection being based on the emphatic Directoire rendering, apparent primarily in a different material for the coatee, and

Sketched at *Peter Robinson's*

A Stylish Walking Dress

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 19.—Vol. II. Wednesday, April 13, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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£10,000 WILL SECURE the LEASE of 40 years of one of the best Residences North of Hyde Park. Fifteen bed, two bath, billiard, and four reception rooms. Every possible convenience. Agents, GILLOWS. (40,015)

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WILTS (Pewsey).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE standing about 400 ft. above the sea-level, well back from the road, with S.W. aspect, within about 2 miles of the station. It contains: 3 reception rooms, entrance hall, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), school room, excellent domestic offices; stabling for 5 horses; numerous outbuildings. The grounds extend to about 6 acres, and include tennis lawn and 2 other lawns, walled kitchen garden; flower garden and 2 meadows. Shooting can be had, also fishing and hunting. Rent, Furnished, 5 guineas per week and gardener's wages. Rent, Unfurnished, £130 per annum. Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,678)

RENT £55 per annum.

SURREY, Farnham (within 1½ miles of station).—To be LET, Furnished, or the LEASE to be SOLD, of a charmingly situated RESIDENCE in this favourite district, standing high on sandy soil, in its own tastefully laid out and well shrubbed grounds of about four acres. It contains: four reception rooms, five bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), excellent offices, stabling, and cottage. The lease is for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, from 1903, at a rental of £55 per annum, and same would be sold, including improvements and fixtures, for 150 guineas. Rent, furnished, 160 guineas per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,885)

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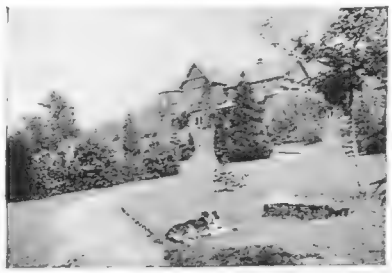

MONMOUTHSHIRE (Chepstow, within one mile of station).—To be SOLD or LET, furnished, the above charmingly-situated RESIDENCE, approached by a long carriage drive, and standing in its own grounds of about fifty-six acres, running down to the River Wye. It contains: two halls, three reception rooms, billiard room, eleven bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall and usual offices; stabling for four horses; outbuildings, etc. The grounds are prettily laid out and well shrubbed, including tennis lawn, croquet lawn, flower garden, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, etc.; boat house; salmon fishing, two miles, both banks, one rod goes with the house. Part of the land is let off at £2 per acre, and price of whole is 10,500 guineas. Freehold, or 250 guineas per annum, furnished, with fourteen acres.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,732)

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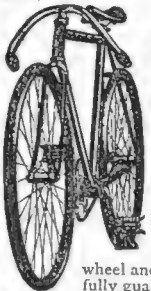

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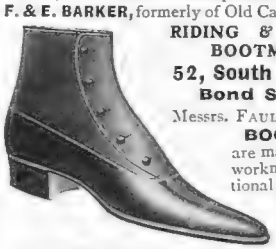

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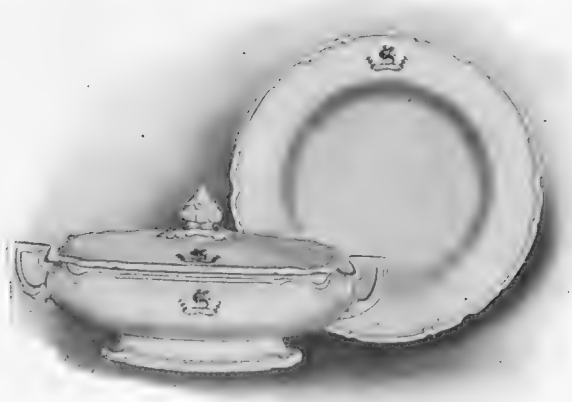

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Mixture and no other."

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Corner of City Road and Old Street, LONDON, E.C.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY.

GUARANTEED PURE GRAPE.

These Cigarettes are made of

TOBACCO DIRECT

From Manufacturer's own Plantation at

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From Leading Tobacconists

Manufacturer: C. C. O. VAN LENNEP,
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secondly to a habit basque. A quite obvious affair this last, with prettily rounded edges, the coatee finding delightfully seasonable expresssion in black taffeta, the front immensely full and blousée, and opening upon the dearest little finely tucked white muslin shirt, with turned down collar and black cravat. Nor is the completing detail of an extravagantly full skirt, in a small black and white shepherd's plaid mohair, any less interesting, the narrow inset lines of cream cloth, piped with a vivid green cloth, offering a telling soupçon of relief, and finding tasteful repetition in the taffeta coatee, in a fancifully shaped collar, narrow vest front, and cuffs to the great bouffant sleeves.

Meanwhile, we have wandered from these Early Victorian revivals at Peter Robinson's one whereof is idealistically expressed in a shot powder blue taffeta, ornamented with three narrow gathered flounces, edged with white Valenciennes, set wide apart through the medium of very thick pipings. And the corsage completing the skirt was delightfully in sympathy, the silk laid in close horizontal folds on a tight-fitting pointed foundation, a lovely Malines lace pelerine, hung with silk danglements, falling easily and naturally over the shoulders.

A Useful Toque and Picturesque Hat

We lingered long and lovingly over this quaint toilette, together with another in an old-world brown glacé, of similar genre, the bodice practically resolving into a frilled pelerine. And hobnobbing with these vogues of the immediate future, came numberless fancy spotted foulards, crepes de chine, chiffons, etc., arranged in more familiar fashion; a ravishing little mole-coloured mousseline chiffon, spotted fancifully with white, recalling itself pleasantly, enhanced by a clever diamond motif treatment alternately expressed in white lace, and the foulard mounted on mole chiffon, with an embroidery of chenille as a subordinate ornamentation. So let all the world of fastidious femininity speed early to the Regent Street Peter Robinson's. We have spoken.

The influence of clothes upon the mind, and *vice versâ*, is a treatise that has yet to be written. Only the few suspect, though the many unwittingly enact, these reacting causes. In its simplest form, this amounts to a crude sense of fitting into an environment, which is all very easy and understandable on broad lines, though apt to become a trifle confused in the higher branches of modistic life. But, to be very seriously cultivated by every woman is a habit of wearing her clothes unconsciously; and that attitude once successfully achieved is the first step towards breaking down the insular prejudice which has somehow dropped into being our text this week.

Madame Saint Soie is the shrine before which every knee will bow this summer. For day wear it will be taffeta, plain and *changeant*, soft pin-spotted silks and satin-faced foulards, brocades and richer satins positively romping in for evening wear. Almost every hour marks a favourable advance of the Louis Seize models, which are, when we come to consider, strangely akin to our own Early Victorian vogues, the latter, however, lacking one charming essential in the pannier suggestion.

It is, we crave to point out, such an error to imagine that the full skirt tends to increase the size of the figure. Rather, indeed, does it tend to minimise girth, the eye naturally falling to the line of the dainty waist, sunk into such desirable insignificance, above the outstanding skirt. And *cela va sans dire* the straight front corset of the hour falls simply ideally into the scheme.

Which reminds me, by the way, to emphasise the admirable virtues of the new woven corset at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's. Madame G——, the presiding genius of this department, has assuredly exercised a supremely fine judgment in acquiring the sole monopoly of this fancy, which is not for a moment to be confounded with any ordinary stockinette material, cut and fashioned into form; this fresh development actually creating the shape as the weaving is consummated, the very lightest, slightest boning sufficing to maintain a permanent support. That the athletic fraternity will go as one woman for these corsets is a foregone conclusion; but also will she who is addicted to donning the poetic tea-gown very speedily realise their immense comfort; and, especially with this end in view has Madame G—— planned a short corset and shapely little corselet ensuite. But the fame of the whole affair is spreading abroad, and meanwhile those two pretty hats are pleading for a descriptive notice of their charms. The toque, of best approved shape and silhouette, is of navy straw, the upturned brim closely packed with giant marguerites, and the crown draped with one of the new-shaped veils, the ends falling low down on to the shoulders. With the hat, a picturesque note is emphasised, in a harmony of pale mauve chiffon and pale pink roses, the silhouette following Early Victorian lines, though under glorified modern conditions.

FEATHER STOLES.

2¼ yards long, 4 or 5 strands.

In Brown or Black.

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EXTRA LENGTH, 21/-

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Guaranteed not to twist.

CLIPPED OSTRICH STOLES

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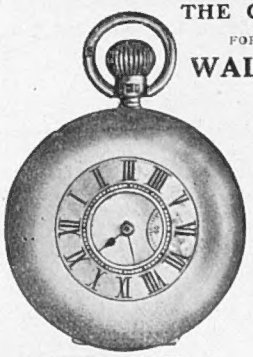

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The Great Kodak Exhibition

A most interesting exhibition is to be held at Bath, in the Assembly Rooms, organised by the Kodak Company which should entirely dispel the popular notion that photography is difficult and expensive to work. This show has been instituted with a view of demonstrating the enormous powers and capabilities of the Kodak, and the inventions which, in combination with it, reduce the fascinating study to one which anybody may successfully embark upon.

A tour has been undertaken, which embraces all the large towns, many places of importance already having been visited, and it is determined to carry the scheme of photographic education into all the great centres throughout the Kingdom. The tour only started a few weeks ago, and already its success is assured.

The Salvation Army

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have kindly granted the Salvation Army the use of Stafford House, St. James's, for a meeting on behalf of their social work, on Wednesday afternoon—the 20th inst.—at 3.30. Mrs. Bramwell Booth and representative officers will give addresses. Lord Brassey will preside, and will be supported by many other distinguished men, while several ladies of title have promised to attend. Admission is by tickets only, which may be obtained from the Salvation Army headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

The Sultan of Turkey's Yacht

His Majesty the Sultan of Turkey's new yacht, which has been built by Sir William Armstrong and Co., and decorated and furnished by Messrs. Waring and Sons, is now ready for despatch to Constantinople. In the decoration, Oriental warmth and colour have been produced by means of richly grained woods and sober tones of gilding, and the general result is full of dignity and impressiveness without being in any way characterised by ostentation. The prevailing style employed is that of the eighteenth century renaissance.

The drawing room is of inlaid mahogany with gilt enrichments, the panelling being divided with gilt pilasters, and the skylights are filled with stained glass. The hangings are of old crimson silk, and the seats in Genoese velvet to match.

The furniture of the Imperial bedroom is of inlaid satinwood, with parquetry in panels of the same wood, having a rich effect.

There is a bathroom adjoining, in white and marble and with a marble floor. Opposite the bedroom is the Imperial study, in cedar wood, with purple wood inlays and relieved with gold, and the furniture is of purple wood. Bookcases, writing tables, etc., are fitted and arranged for collections of books and papers. All the rooms bear the stamp of luxury and art, and combine much of the opulence of the East with the practicality of the West.

MR. AITCHISON'S
"Hints on Eyesight."
Hint No. 4: "CHILDREN'S SIGHT."

Not half enough attention is paid to the eyesight of the rising generation. If a child complains of his eyes aching at night when poring over his home lessons, he is supposed to be shamming, and the verdict is generally, "Weakness—he will grow out of it;" instead of which he grows into it, the sight gets worse, and a trifling defect, which might have been cured by proper treatment, becomes permanent. Besides, the child is handicapped in the race for life; if he cannot see as well as his fellows he must necessarily strain the muscular power of the eye in trying to see. This frequently upsets the whole system, and makes him nervous and bashful. Children have a great power of accommodation over the ciliary muscle which enables them to force the eyes to do work even when the power of vision is very deficient. This can only be detected by careful examination of the eyes. The eyes of all children should be tested before being put to any definite course of study; if this were done many children would be greatly benefited.

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Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER at Tallis Street, in the City of London.—APRIL 13, 1904.